NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 12. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1847. WHOLE NUMBER 376.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Herald,

THE DECISION.

A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by his Honour Judge Edmonds, on the 17th day of July last, directed to Clemanto Jose da Costa, master of the Brazilian bark Lembranca, commanding him to have the bodies of Jose da Costa, and Jose da Rocha, by him imprisoned, and detained, as was alleged, together with the cause of such imprisonment and detention, before him, the said Judge, at a time and place therein specified. The respondent appeared before Judge Edmonds, and made his return to the said writ, under oath; to which the said da Costa and da Rocha put in an answer, also under oath. At this stage of the proceedings, by the consent of the counsel for all the parties, the writ was amended in such a manner as to be returnable before me, and, by a similar consent, I allowed the writ *nunc pro tunc.*

The return of the respondent admits the detention of da Costa and da Rocha, and alleges that before the issuing and the service of the said *habeas corpus* to wit:—on the 10th day of July last, a writ of *habeas corpus* was allowed, and issued, by the Hon. Charles P. Daly, one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the city and county of New-York, and of the degree of counsellor of the Supreme Court, directed to the said respondent, with the object, and for the purpose, of producing before the said Judge, the persons named in the said first mentioned writ, for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of their detention, or imprisonment, by the said respondent. That, in obedience to the said writ, issued by the said Judge Daly, the respondent produced before the said Judge the persons of the two negro men called Jose da Costa and Jose da Rocha. That upon said writ so issued by said Judge Daly, and upon the return thereto, proceedings were duly had before said Judge, who, after mature deliberation, and after hearing the allegations and arguments of counsel on both sides, decided and adjudged, on or about the 15th day of July, last, that the said Jose da Costa and Jose da Rocha were legally under the restraint of the said respondent, and that they should be remanded to his custody; which said decision and judgment of said Judge Daly, it is alleged in the said return, are still in force, unreversed, not set aside, nor made void. The return further states that, in pursuance of said decision, and adjudication, the persons of said Da Costa and Da Rocha were committed to the custody of the respondent. The return also sits for the other matter, to which it is not necessary, in this place, to allude.

The answer of Da Costa and Da Rocha does not deny the substance of any of the allegations above cited from the return of the respondent.

Upon the said return and answer, the respondent contends that there has been an adjudication of the matter by Judge Daly, and that such adjudication is binding upon me, and precludes any investigation into the facts of the case, unless new matters are shown, which have arisen since the adjudication of Judge Daly, and which render such investigation proper.

Before the enactment of the Revised Statutes, the law seems to have been settled, that the return of the respondent was conclusive, and that none of the facts contained in it could be controverted. 3 Hill, B. 8. note 30. By the Revised Statutes, the party brought up may deny any of the material facts set forth in the return or allege any fact to show either that the imprisonment or detention is unlawful, or that he is entitled to his discharge. 2 R. S. 471 p. 50.

If, then, any of the material facts set forth in the returns, are not denied by the party brought up, the return, *pro banc*, has the same effect as before the Revised Statues, and those facts must be taken to be true. 3 Hill 658, note 28.

Upon this construction of the law, I am bound to assume that the facts set forth in the return, and not denied in the answer, are true, and that Da Costa and Da Rocha, have therefore been brought before Judge Daly, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, and that, after an investigation into the causes of their detention by the respondent. Judge Daly adjudged that they were legally under the restraint of the respondent, and that they should be awarded to his custody; and that said judgment now remains in full force.

It thus appears that there has been an adjudication upon a writ of *habeas corpus*; that Da Costa and Da Rocha were at the time of said adjudication under the restraint of the respondent.

The next question is, does the principle of *res adjudicata* apply to this case, and am I precluded by the above mentioned adjudication from any further inquiry into the subject? In the case of Mercein vs. the people ex rel.—Barry 25 Wend. 64—it was decided by the Court of Errors of this State, that the principle of *res adjudicata* was applicable to a proceeding under habeas corpus. Two opinions only were delivered; one by the Chancellor, and the other by Senator Paige. The question under review had been decided by Judge Inglis, then a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, upon a writ of habeas corpus issued by him. The Chancellor, in delivering his opinion, said that "he concurred in the decision of Judge Inglis, that the principle of *res adjudicata* was applicable to a proceeding upon habeas corpus; and that it could make no difference in the application of the principle, whether the first writ was returnable before a Court of Record, or a Judge or Commissioner out of Court, for in neither case, ought the party suing out the writ, to be permitted to proceed *ad infinitum* before the same Court or officer, or before another Court or officer, having concurrent jurisdiction, to review the former decision, while the facts remain the same; but if dissatisfied with the first decision, should appeal to a higher tribunal.

Senator Paige says that if a final adjudication upon a habeas corpus is not to be deemed *res adjudicata*, the consequences will be lamentable. This favoured writ will become an engine of oppression, instead of a writ of liberty. He further says—"I think that the following rule will be found sustained by the cases, viz: whenever a final adjudication of an inferior Court of Record, or of an inferior Court not of Record, or of persons invested with power to decide on the property and rights of the citizens, is examinable by the Supreme Court, upon a writ of error, on a ceritorari, in every such case, such final adjudication may be pleaded as *res adjudicata*, and is conclusive upon the parties in all future controversies relating to the same matter." And, finally, a resolution was adopted by the Court: "That in the opinion of the Court, the decision of Judge Inglis upon the question of *res adjudicata* was correct, and in conformity to law." This decision fully and clearly establishes the rule that the principle of *res adjudicata* is applicable to proceedings upon habeas corpus.

The only question, then, that remains upon this branch of the case is, whether the same subject matter between the same parties, has been adjudged by any officer having power to hear and decide upon a writ of habeas corpus.

First, is the subject matter the same?

The subject matter under the first suit was the imprisonment and detention of Da Costa and Da Rocha, and the adjudication of the Judge was, that they were "legally under the restraint of the respondent, and should be remanded to his custody." The subject matter of the present suit, is the detention, of the same persons by the respondent; and I am called upon to decide what was decided by Judge Daly, viz:—Whether they are legally under the restraint of the respondent?

Second, Are the parties the same?

The proceedings, in both cases, have been in behalf of the same persons, against the same respondent. The fact that the relators are different, does not alter the case.

Third, Had Judge Daly the power to issue the writ, and to decide the question arising under it?

By the law, as it stood under the old Constitution, it is not questioned that he had the power. By the law under which Judge Daly now holds his office, it is enacted that the "Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of New-York, shall have and possess the same powers, and perform the same duties as the first Judge and Assistant Judges of said Court of Common Pleas now had, and possess and perform." Laws 1847, p. 281 s. 7.

There are several matters alleged in the answer of Da Costa and Da Rocha, for the purpose of showing that there was irregularity in the proceedings before Judge Daly. The answer to all these allegations is, that I am bound by the adjudication, and cannot look behind it. If there has been irregularity, I have no power to decide upon that question, in this collateral proceeding. The remedy must be in a Court sitting as a Court of Review.

But it is contended that new facts have arisen in this case since the decision of Judge Daly. The answer of Da Costa and Da Rocha sets forth that since the said adjudication, and on the 17th July, last, they were handcuffed, and put in a store-room in the forward cabin of the vessel, and there confined and that the respondent also threatened them with violence when he "got them at sea." These are not new facts of such a character as to change the relations of the parties. If there has been an abuse of the right which it has been adjudged that the respondent had to the custody of the slaves held in restraint by him, the remedy is not by habeas corpus; much less so as to any threatened violence.

With these views, I am of opinion that the question presented to me under the present writ of habeas corpus, is *res adjudicata*, and that am I precluded from going into any investigation of the facts in the case; and that no new facts are set forth in the proceedings which authorize any interference by me.

The writ must therefore be dismissed, and Jose da Costa and Jose da Rocha remanded to the custody of the respondent.

REV. DR. DEWEY'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Christian Inquirer:

In a late singular discussion in London, before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and in a subsequent letter from the Rev. Dr. Hutton, to the Rev. Dr. Parkman and others, I observe certain allusions which seems to call upon me, personally, for some notice. Dr. Hutton speaks of the apathy, on the subject of Slavery, "of the President of the American Unitarian Association." And in the discussion just referred to, it is asserted that "the Unitarian pulpits [in America] have been disgraced and polluted by the presence in them of the defenders of Slavery." With regard to Dr. Hutton's allusion to the President of the American Unitarian Association, I suppose it must have been intended for me, because I think he could not have known at the time of his writing, (June 10th, I believe,) that I had resigned that office. And on this point, begging leave to refer Dr. Hutton to my sermon against "The Annexation of Texas," or to a discourse on "The Slavery Question," in a volume of mine just published, I respectfully ask him what ground he has for charging me with apathy on this subject? Those discourses may have little enough of any other merit, but they must have the merit of earnestness, or they do me great injustice. With reference to what is said of the "Unitarian pulpits," I am led to suppose that a full share of it is intended for me, from the circumstance that the abolition press has always made me the subject of unfriendly comment, and particularly so of late, in sundry articles on my preaching last winter in Washington.

On this subject, I wish to say a few words to my brethren in England and in this country, and I take the present method of doing so: for I have no time to write private letters to them on a subject of so little importance. Still, reputation has its value; and if any one is surprised how I could let the articles of last winter, pass without notice, my answer is two-fold. In the first place, I could not enter into any controversy or explanation with the abolition press. That press has never placed itself on the ground of courteous argument with me;—indeed, there is not much ground any way for argument, since I am an Anti-Slavery man, as truly as any one of its editors;—but it has simply, instantly, and always, in every difference of opinion, resorted to the imputation of bad motives. Indeed, it has never, in argument, assailed any views of mine that have been put forth under my name, but has always, for the purpose of assault, made use of scraps of my lectures or discourses, snatched up by reporters, torn from the context, and published without any authority or warrant from me.

When I published my discourse on "The Annexation of Texas," which was aimed altogether against the slave system, all that the press had to say was, "This man knows how to throw himself on the tide!" I will not "return railing for railing," but will simply say, that as no man, with any respect for himself, could consent to argue with an opponent whose first word was, "You are an unprincipled man:" so I could not enter into any controversy or explanation with the abolition press, and I should have remained silent if I had not thought that I found endorsers for it in the London meeting. For I know that several of the speakers on that occasion are familiar with its columns: I know that it has produced an impression to my disadvantage in England: I know that it has led some persons, who have taken an interest in my writings, to declare that they will never read another word of mine, because they suppose me to be a pro-slavery man: and the inference seems pretty plain, that if anybody is conceived to have sinned in our pulpit, it must be my humble self.

In the next place, the representations of the abolition press seemed to me comparatively of little moment, because I knew that they had a very limited circulation, or a circulation at any rate strictly bounded by the limits of the abolition party. I remembered what an eminent Judge said, when, for some decision of his, he found himself violently assailed by the abolition press—found terms applied to him, for the first time in his life, such as belonged only to the uttermost dishonour and infamy;—and any man is naturally shocked at such treatment;—he said, "he felt very bad at first: but he found after a day or two, that *nobody knew it*—at least, nobody that he knew." Such was my own experience. I was shocked at first. I had walked through life with a robe unstained, till these men threw mud upon it. I was naturally shocked to find terms applied to me, such as belong only to the most unprincipled villains. But I soon found that nobody knew it, and I thought I would not spread this abolition abuse beyond the bounds in which it was apt to flow.

Now for the preaching in Washington. I was delivering a series of discourses there, last winter, on the great moral traits of Christianity. Among the multifarious topics treated of, on Christianity, I spoke briefly of its moderation; and enumerating several of the ultraisms of the day, I said that they were not to be found in the New Testament. But I will give the entire passage:

> No extravagant propositions, no wild projects, nor proposals of violent changes, disfigure the pages of the New Testament. The great Reformer does not raze the old foundations to build anew. He rectifies what is poor in the Old, and engrafts upon it—takes the highest ideas from the past, and carries it higher. The earliest Christian worship is modelled after that of the synagogue; and baptism slides without any positive ordinance, into the place of circumcision. All is gentle and gradual, as all moral changes ever must be.
>
> Whatever we may think of its course, the new religion certainly was opposed to all extravagance, all ultraism, as it is called. It did not propose to re-organize society, nor to remodel the world, nor to tear up old fixtures by the roots, nor to sweep away obstacles as with a besom. I do not wonder that violent ultraists find the New Testament very little to their taste; that they have no patience with what they call its toleration of old abuses; and that they rave like maniacs against its ministers and churches, as the greatest obstacle in their way. For it is certain that there is nothing of abolitionism, nor teetotalism, nor of ultra, anti government radicalism it the Christian record. Whatever be right or be wrong in these extremes, I do not now say—such topics require a larger discussion.

If any one has chanced to fall in with an Abolition Convention in New-York or Boston, and has heard there, men and women, denouncing, in terms of the bitterest enmity and contempt, the Union, the Government, the Churches and their Ministers, Magistrates, and Judges, and many of the best men in the country, he will not find it difficult to interpret the foregoing paragraph. And I say, if one may not express any doubt or question about the Christian *wisdom* of such extravagance without being put in the abolition pillory, I think it might be well to inquire into what condition our *white* freedom will have fallen, when these philanthropists have destroyed everything in the world but their own opinion. It was against such extravagancies mainly, that the paragraph was aimed. And when I said that they are not to be found in the New Testament; even then—by a qualification which I appended, and which the letter-writing reporter did not choose to notice—I went on to say, or plainly to imply, that this fact was not decisive with regard to the system of opinions which has given birth to such extravagance. These were my words: "*Whatever be right or be wrong in these extremes, I do not now say: such topics require a larger discussion.*" I meant by this to say what I certainly think—that the New Testament, in the letter of it, is not the only or ultimate judge on such questions; and Anti-Slavery men, in my opinion, only hurt their cause, by appealing to the letter of the Bible. Thus, "there *is* nothing of abolitionism in the Christian record." Abolitionists must know that Paul's treatment of Onesimus—the sending him back to his master Philemon, would not have been *theirs;* that the general precepts to masters and slaves, in the New Testament, designed not to abrogate but to purify the relation, were not such as *they* would have delivered. But does the New Testament, therefore, bind us to tolerate the relation, or warrant us in perpetuating it? By no means, as I think. The first teachers of Christianity had enough to do, without directly interfering with the civil and political institutions of the Roman empire. They implanted in the bosom of society the principles that were to reform all institutions, and to redress all wrongs; and, among others, that of Slavery.*

For my own part, I am not to be called upon at this time of day, to write down my creed on Slavery. I am not to be called upon to *say*, in so many words, that I am opposed to the slave-system. I cannot help those who profess to doubt it. I do not write this letter to enlighten them upon my views of the subject.

Indeed, the question of human slavery in this country, is one of such solemn interest, of such awful and overshadowing importance, that all personal interests in connection with it, sink to comparative indifference. It would be a small matter that I and others are misrepresented and wronged; it would be a slight evil, and worthy of little notice, that those who place themselves in the front rank in this great debate, are committing the ordinary mistakes of reformers, if those mistakes and misrepresentations did no injury to the sacred cause which so many have at heart. But what is the position which abolitionists occupy? It is not only at the South, but at the North, which has emancipated its own slaves long ago, and which is, and ever has been, in favour of the abolition of Slavery? Abolitionism might have been expected, *a priori*, to have found none but friends here. And yet, what is the fact? Why, Abolitionists have brought themselves into the condition of martyrs to their cause. They consider themselves as martyrs, and they are not far from right. Almost every respectable and influential man who comes before the public, whether in speech or print, to declare his protest against Slavery, or to reason against the system, takes special pains to say that he is not an Abolitionist. Men avoid the name as they would a pestilence. Abolitionism does not hold the leadership on this great question; its newspapers are scarcely read but by those of its own party. The Anti-Slavery strength of the North lies in the heart of the whole people, and not in that party. David, the man of war, must not build the temple, but some more wise and peaceful successor.

I should be sorry for this heavy opprobrium that has fallen upon the abolition party, if it were not just. But could it be otherwise? Can the cause of humanity be promoted by inhumanity—such as this party has shown to all who differ from it; and most to those who differ least? Can a work of love be wrought out by wrath, or of mercy by violence, or of justice by injustice? I have no doubt that many of the Abolitionists are conscientious men; I have no disposition to deny that they are all such. I ask, then, the editors and readers of their newspapers, solemnly to ponder one text in the New Testament. It is in Matthew, chapter vii. first and second verses. "Judge not, lest ye be judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." These are awful words. They have a meaning that demands to be deeply considered. I know of no precept in the New Testament that is oftener violated than this; and in this temerity, the abolition press seems to me to exceed even that of the political press of the country.

Surely, it is a strange thing. Is it so very agreeable to impute bad motives to men, even if it were lawful? It is one of the significant and admirable observations of our poet-essayist, Waldo Emerson, that the critic criticises himself.

I know what will be said in reply; for I have endeavoured to place myself in the position of the Abolitionists; and to exercise towards them a candor which they seldom show to others. They will say: "We are engaged in a great cause; the cause of human rights. You do not come up to the help of this cause as you ought. You oppose Slavery, but you do not oppose it in the right way. We must be allowed to express our indignation; and in the heat of this great controversy, we cannot, very carefully, choose and pick our words."

I hear the defence; but it does not satisfy me; nor will it satisfy any fair and honourable mind.—They should have said, to make out their case: "Therefore, we think it right to denounce you as a pro-slavery man, and to impute to you the worst and meanest of motives for the course you pursue."—That is what they dare not *say*. Yet, that is what they *do*. May God show them their error and forgive it!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Sheffield, July 20, 1847.

* The same observations apply to the subject of intemperance. There is certainly nothing of tee-totalism in a book, in whose first miracle water was turned into wine; and in whose last solemn commemoration the same element was used. But this fact, while it lies doubtless against the extravagance of some of the temperance doctrines, does not lie against all temperance movements, and was not intended so to be represented. Some such movement, in fact, seemed necessary to save the world from ruin.

From the Repository.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING SABBATH AFTERNOON.

MR. EDITOR:—You will probably have reports complete of the doings of modern abolitionism, during the two days of jubilee in this village. We wish only to notice the spirit of the meeting on Sabbath P.M.

Mr. Remond made the first speech, the burden of which was an expression of grateful pleasure in meeting so large an audience in the open air on the Sabbath, "an innovation giving evidence of the progress of reform." Though we presume no one questioned the propriety of religious services properly conducted in that or any other quiet grove, his manner was pleasing, his language was good, and his expressions earnest yet mild.

Rev. Mr. Van Loon followed. His effort was a defence of their appropriation of the day to the cause of emancipation, and denunciations of American Slavery.

Mr. Douglass then took the platform, and after condemning the Constitution of the United States, went off in a desultory attack upon ministers and churches generally.

His contempt of the missionary cause was repulsive and disgusting, as well as painful, to all but men of *their* principles, or *no principle*.

He manifested great horror of hypocrisy, but so mingled ridicule and mimicry with rhapsody on Christianity, we apprehend no one could decide whether he was in heart Christian or infidel. Remarks which followed by the former speakers were in substance repetitions of the same miserable slang, with the exception of Mr. Remond's happy appeal to the *purse*.

We were disappointed, sadly so. Instead of a *just* exposure of that spirit which, in or out of the Church, apologizes for Slavery, and a delineation of the blighting influence the system exerts on the entire interests of the South, besides its enthralment of millions; an influence hostile to religion, and which inevitably repelled those inclined to sympathize with the Anti-Slavery movement, was the legitimate result of the meeting.

Mr. Douglass has talent, and might have made an impression on this occasion, deep and abiding, but certainly, if the address we allude to, is a fair illustration, however he may be glorified by his friends, he will retard the cause to which he devotes himself.

We may give a few facts hereafter to meet the misrepresentations so freely palmed on the audience as uncoloured truths. C.

Communications.

FIRST OF AUGUST ADDRESS, AT CANANDAIGUA.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have assembled here to-day to celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation; an event which may be justly regarded the greatest and grandest of the nineteenth century. We meet here in the fulness of grateful sincerity, joyfully to commemorate that glad day, the bright sun of whose morning beamed light and Liberty upon the Western Isles. We are to direct our attention with joyous admiration to a splendid achievement, a glorious triumph of justice, love, and mercy, over avarice, pride, and cruelty. In a word, we meet here on this occasion to revive the fire of Freedom, to rekindle its holy flame upon the altar of our hearts, and to renew the impression made nine years ago upon the tablets of our memory by that magnanimous act of British legislation, descending like a voice from the celestial throne of God, scattering the infernal altars of Slavery, proclaiming deliverance from thraldom to eight hundred thousand of our fellow-men.

In view of the majestic grandeur and moral sublimity of the subject I might well pause, and apologize for consenting to occupy the prominent position which the Committee of arrangements have, in their kindness, seen fit to assign me. It is without the slightest affectation of humility that I confess the theme worthy of more eloquent lips, and of a more comprehensive mind. I would prefer to be the last, rather than the first on this platform. I have, however, one consolation in my present somewhat unaccustomed position, and that is, I am to be followed by gentlemen, distinguished alike for philanthropy and ability, who, I am sure, will make good any defects which may appear in my humble address.

Friends, and countrymen! I rejoice to meet you here. I am proud to assemble with you. The vastness of your numbers is delightful to my heart; your holy enthusiasm carries gladness through my soul; your presence here is a mighty argument—a powerful demonstration, which must act advantageously wherever known and heard of. The sentiment that leads us to celebrate noble deeds, to mark and commemorate great events in the world's progress, is natural and universal. The existence of this sentiment, like that of religion, is a grand proof of the superiority of mankind over the brute creation. This sentiment is as useful as it is universal. It is the power which makes the present generation the proprietors of the wisdom and experience of bygone ages. It makes the good of the past, the property of the present. It seems to keep alive that sense of gratitude to God, essential to the faith, without which it is impossible to succeed against present ills. It is the golden chain extending from earth to heaven, and to it we may summon the millions in eternity to aid us in pulling down the giant crimes of our age.

In coming together this day, to celebrate this glorious anniversary, we but act out one of the noblest sentiments of human nature, and vindicate our just claim to an equal place in the ranks of human brotherhood.

It is just possible, however, that some may doubt the propriety of the people of one nation celebrating the deeds of another. On this point I have no scruples. Neither geographical boundaries, nor national restrictions, ought, or shall prevent me from rejoicing over the triumphs of freedom, no matter where or by whom achieved. We are not only Americans, but men—coloured men. Many of us have borne the yoke of bondage. We have dragged its heavy chains; the chambers of our souls have been made dark with its infernal gloom; our spirit has been crushed beneath its ponderous weight; our lacerated hearts have swollen with bitter anguish, while we sighed for the inestimable boon of liberty; and having now, by the blessing of God, escaped the galling chain, and being in the enjoyment of personal liberty, we should be unworthy of the name of men, and our own freedom, if we did not remember, with gratitude and rejoicing, the day of deliverance to so many of our long-abused race.

On this question, we are strangers to nationality. Our platform is as broad as humanity. We repudiate, with unutterable loathing and disgust, that narrow spirit which would confine our duties to one quarter of the globe, to the exclusion of another, that can see nothing good or great in any land but our own, and which makes

> Lands intersected by a narrow frith
> Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
> Make enemies of nations—who had else
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

In celebrating this day, we place ourselves beneath the broad ægis of human brotherhood, and adopt the motto of our illustrious pioneer, "Our country is the world, and all mankind are our countrymen," and maintain the right and propriety of commemorating the victories of liberty over tyranny throughout the world. And, Sir, where is the man, of high or low standing, white or black, who would lift his arm, or raise his voice, to remove us from this place, or to silence our joyous exultations? It is true that but a few years ago, our brethren in Philadelphia undertook to do just what we are now doing. They undertook to celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation. They formed their procession with the utmost order and decorum.—They neither assaulted nor insulted any man. Their banners were raised in honour of Liberty; and in order to avoid offence to their white brethren, as well as a desire to advance the cause of righteousness, they inscribed Temperance as well as Freedom on their banners. But, Sir, with all these virtuous precautions, they did not avoid giving offence; nor did they escape brutal chastisement. They had not passed through two streets of that city before they were cruelly assaulted by the populace.—The ranks of their procession were broken up, their banners torn into fragments, and many of themselves were trampled in the dust, and left horribly bruised and mangled in the streets. Mob violence, stimulated by the cheers of a profligate press, and an inefficient police, reigned supreme in that city.—They marched in the very presence of the city Government, and with the ferocity of wild-beasts, rushed into the houses of coloured people, sparing neither men, women, nor children, but dealing heavy blows with sticks, stones, and clubs, upon the defenceless heads of their victims. From the private dwellings, they passed to the coloured churches.—They burned the coloured Presbytarian Church—threatened the Methodist, and destroyed their Temperance Hall; and all this, fellow-countrymen, for doing just what we are now doing. I mention this in sorrow rather than anger, and I thank God, we are not subjected to such outrages here to-day; and it is peculiarly gratifying to see so many of our white fellow-countrymen present to participate with us in these joyous proceedings. We are worshipping at the same shrine, with the same heart and spirit, and I trust, we shall be mutually refreshed and blessed in the deed.

Sir, rightly to comprehend the grandeur of West India Emancipation, we must do more than fix our attention upon the simple act of manumission. To know the value of a result, we must know something of the labour and toil of bringing it about. Properly to appreciate the value of deliverance, we must adequately comprehend the greatness of the evil or enormity from which deliverance has been wrought out. The importance of this glorious event must be determined, by considering its connection with the past, its bearing on the present, and its influence on the future.

I shall not be able to enter fully or partially into all the branches of this great subject, but will confine myself to one or more, and leave the field to other and abler hands.

From the earliest periods of man's history, we are able to trace manifestations of that spirit of selfishness, which leads one man to prey upon the rights and interests of his fellow-man. Love of ease, love of power, a strong desire to control the will of others, lay deep-seated in the human heart. These elements of character, over-riding all the better promptings of human nature, has cursed the world with Slavery and kindred crimes. Weakness has [illegible] fear of power and ignorance of intelligence. Joseph was sold into Egyptian bondage by his own brethren, at a time when he ought to have been most dear unto them. The famine-stricken Israelites were reduced to bondage, when their sufferings ought to have aroused the most benevolent energies of the human heart. The Helots were consigned to serfdom or Slavery, while yet smarting under wounds received in battle for their country.—The proud Anglo-Saxon, overpowered in war, had their property confiscated by their haughty Norman superiors, and enslaved upon their own sacred soil. There are, at this moment, not fewer than forty millions of white slaves in Russia, a number far exceeding the present number of black slaves.

However much we may deplore the wickedness of such wholesale Slavery, it is somewhat consoling, that all nations have had a share of it, and that it cannot be said to be the peculiar condition of our race, any more than others. "He that leadeth into captivity, shall go into captivity," is a truth confirmed by all history, and will remain immutably true.

Who were the fathers of our present haughty oppressors in this land? They were, until within the last four centuries, the miserable slaves, the degraded serfs, of Norman nobles. They were subjected to every species of brutality which their fiendish oppressors could invent. They were regarded as an inferior race,—unfit to be trusted with their own rights. They were not even allowed to walk on the public highway, and travel from town without a written permission from their owners. They could not hold any property whatever, but were themselves property, bought and sold. They were not permitted to give testimony in courts of law. They were punished for crimes, which, if committed by their haughty masters, were not deemed worthy of punishment at all. They were not allowed to marry without the consent of their owners. They were subjected to the lash, and might even be murdered with impunity by their cruel masters. But, Sir, I must not dwell here, though a profitable comparison might be drawn between the condition of the coloured slaves of our land, and the ancient Anglo-Saxon slaves of England.

I come at once to the history of the enslavement of that race, whose deliverance from thraldom we have met to celebrate. The Slave-Trade by which Slavery was introduced, and established in the British West-Indies, was commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, 1562. Spain and Italy had long been engaged in the traffic, and England, no doubt tempted by their success, was induced, reluctantly, to follow in their footsteps. I say reluctantly, because, from the first, the great Princess, Elizabeth, seems to have entertained religious scruples concerning it, and to have revolted at the thought of it. This is inferred from a conversation which the Queen had with Sir John Hawkins, on his return from his first slave-trading voyage. At this interview, she expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off without their consent, declaring it would be detestable, and would call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the undertakers!* This pious outburst, though monstrous and absurd, as coming from one who had just given her royal assent to this infernal traffic, was the natural result of her wicked position, and is not without its parallel in our land. It was like Pilate delivering the Lamb of Calvary to the iron-hearted murderers, and—washing his hands of his blood. Of course, the declarations of the Queen

* Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade—p. 54.

were disregarded. It could not be otherwise. To make merchandise of man, and treat him kindly, and respect his will, is morally impossible. The expression of the Queen, if sincere, may be creditable to her humanity, but it is a dark reflection on her sagacity. The will of a victim is never respected. The lamb committed to the wolf may expect no quarter. The injustice, cruelty, and barbarity of this inhuman traffic can never be told, or conceived. They are known only to God. He alone can fully comprehend them. We mortal, and finite beings, can only receive a partial view of them. To assist in this, let us imagine, what must be far less than the whole truth. Let us go to that little village on the West Coast of Africa. The inhabitants are quiet, simple, peaceful, and happy. It is evening.—Through the rents and crevices of their fragile dwellings, a bright moon pours her soft and tranquil rays. The day's work is done, and the profound stillness is only relieved by the melodious hum of tropical insects. How sweet the scene. The husband, and wife, the parent and child, the sister and brother, and "friends of kindred tie," have met to while away the evening hour in simple talk, and innocent song, and how sweet the moments glide. At the hour appointed, the mother clasps her innocent babe to her bosom, and with looks and words of love and admonition, she retires. Soon all follow, and our hut and village is still. The unsuspecting inhabitants are in the arms of "Nature's soft nurse," "and lulled with sounds of sweetest melody."—They sleep on the brink of destruction. Let us leave for a moment this happy village, and go to the shore. A slave-ship is anchored off the Coast. On her deck, dim lights are seen in motion. A boat is now lowered from the side, and softly rowed ashore. Twelve armed men land. Their swords, guns, and cutlases, reflect the moonlight. When ready for their infernal work, they move off stealthily toward the doomed village. They are met by some wretch calling himself a Prince, who, bribed by this wicked crew, becomes the treacherous instrument of destruction to this abode of happiness, and the enslavement of its unoffending people. A few moments, and the village is in flames. The fear-smitten people start forth from the devouring fire, and in the hour of surprise, and consternation, its people have become the prey of the spoiler. Grim death, and desolation reigns, where before was life, peace, and joy.

Let us follow those despoiled people a short distance on their voyage to West Indian bondage.—Chained and hand-cuffed, they are driven before cutlases, and pistols, to the ship. Their path is marked with blood. Torn from home, despoiled of their freedom, they go to drag out a miserable existence in Colonial Slavery. What pain, what anguish, what agony of soul, struggles beneath the hatchway of that pirate ship. They are stowed away, with as little regard to health, as to decency. Breathing the putrid air inseparable from being so closely packed, disease and death, soon reign in their infernal dungeon. Many of them become food for the hungry shark, who reddens the wake of a slave-ship with their blood. And by the time they land at their point of destination, one-third of all taken on board during the voyage, and more horrible still, many have been thrown overboard alive, lest they should spread the death-dealing contagion among the rest. Those who reach the shore, are sick, emaciated, and covered with sores. Landed on English soil, strangers to the English tongue, their only language is that of the lash. Before the bloody lash, they are driven to market, and under the cry of the auctioneer, they are sold, and separated from each other. All is lost! They are, they know not where. Such is but a faint picture of that trade, which is even now plied, and which peopled with slaves the Western Isles, and made Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol rich, on the blood, bones, and sinews of men. A view of this God-defying trade, led the great Anti-Slavery poet of England, to cry out in the agony of his mighty soul:

> Is there not some chosen curse, [wrath,
> Hid in the stores of Heaven, red with uncommon
> To blast the man, who gains his fortune
> By the blood of souls.

In view of the cruel inhumanity of this trade, it is matter of astonishment that it was carried on for nearly two centuries, under the very eye of the British Government, and under the very droppings of British pulpits, without interruption, or opposition. For two hundred years did this trade go on, despoiling Africa of her children, bearing them away into a worse than Egyptian bondage, consigning them to the cruel lash, and hurrying them into eternity, uninformed and unprepared. Yet scarce a voice was heard against it during this long and dreary period. Silence prevailed. The Slave-Trade, with its train of evils, increased. Every year added to its strength, and augmented its influence, both upon the Government, and the Church. The first merchants of England were engaged in it,—professors of religion were engaged in it, and it became so interwoven with the interests of various classes, as when attacked, to bring the powers of Church and State to its defence. The minister of religion pleaded the Bible in its favour, and the minister of the crown pleaded national prosperity in its behalf. Thus bulwarked and protected, it became a giant in the land, threatening to cast down at a blow, any who might venture to attack it. Giant, however, though it was, and greatly to be dreaded, thank Heaven, there were found a chosen few, who did not shrink from the attack. I should be most happy, did my brief hour permit, to give you the names, and the history of those who had the humanity and intrepidity to stand forth as pioneers in this holy cause. But this I cannot do; I may only in reverence repeat their names, and bestow a tear of gratitude upon each. They have gone from this stage of life and activity, into the boundless realms of eternity.—They rest from their labour, and their good works do follow them. Yea, we are at this moment reaping the rich reward of their labours.

Among the most distinguished of those who early struggled in this glorious cause, history has handed down the names of Richard Baxter, Addison, Montesquieu, Godwin, Steele, Shenstone, Sterne, Warburton, Wesley, Whitfield, Dr. Hartley, Granville Sharpe, Dr. Robertson, Abbe Raynal, Thomas Day, Bishop Portius, Necker, Thomson, Adam Smith, Gilbert Wakefield, and George Fox.

Brave men; let their names be remembered, and their memory cherished. Let us thank God that such men were raised up. Let us hand down their names to our children, and commend their conduct to their imitation. These holy men laid the foundation upon which the noble Wilberforce, and the illustrious

Clarkson erected the temple of West Indian freedom. What confidence in truth, what faith in God, what a self-sacrificing spirit, must have animated the bosoms of those forerunners in the cause of emancipation. They arrayed themselves against powers and principalities. The nation was against them, a large part of the Church was against them, the wealth of England was against them, practice and the press was against them. So universal was Slavery in that land, it was common to see advertisements in respectable London journals, for runaway slaves. Slaveholders from "Jamaica," hunted and apprehended their slaves in London with as much impunity as American slaveholders do in our own land, and this practice continued until the sainted Sharpe, in 1769, obtained the decision in the famous Sommerset case, by which England was redeemed from the disgrace of being slave-hunting ground.

The Slave-Trade was regarded by the friends of freedom, the life-blood of Slavery. Hence the first object of attack. It is a remarkable circumstance, "that men so sagacious and disinterested as Clarkson and Wilberforce, should have laboured so long, and so hard, for the accomplishment of a half-way measure; and their experience ought to be a lesson to us, for with all their caution against asking too much, they neither appeased the wrath of slave-traders, nor gained the good will of slaveholders." They were called wild enthusiasts, fanatical dreamers, and humanity mongers. The now sainted Clarkson was once burnt in effigy in Bristol, and came near being thrown overboard and drowned, at Liverpool. It was with the utmost difficulty, that these men could be heard against the giant crime. Ten times did the noble-hearted Wilberforce move a bill to abolish this infernal traffic, and ten times was he doomed to defeat. The slave-power in Parliament, like the slave-power in Congress, maintained a united and bold front. The arguments used by these defendants of the Slave-Trade, were quite similar to those used now in this country, in behalf of Slavery. It was said, that if the Slave-Trade were abolished, prisoners taken in war, in Africa, would be murdered. That it was merciful to bring them into Slavery; they were better off than the labourers in England. It was a source of revenue to the country. It was a religious duty to bring the heathen where they could be brought under the influence of the Christian religion, and it was contended the Scriptures sanctioned it. However, as the cause prospered, some more prudent, just, and magnanimous than the rest, were for *regulating* the trade. And this was deemed a great concession.—It was a confession that something ought to be done.

But what an idea to talk of regulating a system of wholesale plunder. Mr. Fox replied to this argument in a most powerful manner. He said that it was impossible to regulate robbery and murder.—After twenty-four years of anxious conflict with this great crime, the friends of humanity triumphed.—The bill to abolish the Slave-Trade, was carried through the British Parliament, and obtained the royal assent in 1807. This was regarded a great victory, and such it truly was at that time.

Immediately after this, and in the same year, a society was formed, called the "African Institution." Mr. Clarkson was identified, and took an active part in its proceedings. The object of the institution, was the ultimate abolition of Slavery in the West Indies. At this time, no one thought of immediate emancipation as practicable, or desirable. Gradual emancipation was the most ultra idea then broached, and though tame, insipid, and stale, it was at the first a terrible note to to the slaveholder, as well as their abettors. It, however, lost its power to stir the souls of its friends [illegible] The cause languished. Everybody was in favour of gradual abolition, but no one was ready for action, now. After twenty years of toil to promote gradual abolition,—the cause dragging heavily along,—while those noble men were hesitating about what they should do to infuse spirit into the Anti-Slavery ranks, and to accomplish their noble purpose,—a woman, with the head of a prophetess, and the heart of an angel, came to instruct and strengthen their faltering ranks. She taught that what is right, is reasonable, and what ought to be done, can be done, and that immediate emancipation was the right of the slave, and the duty of the master.—Her heavenly counsel was heeded. Wilberforce was converted. The agitation now went on with vigour. They organized committees, appointed agents, and sent forth lecturers into all parts of the country. They printed tracts, and circulated their views through the press in various ways, till they suceeded in impressing the public mind favourably to their objects, and created that tide of public opinion which demanded immediate and unconditional freedom to the West Indian slave.

The Anti-Slavery cause in England received but little support from the Government Church, yet it was ever regarded as a religious movement, and was early espoused by dissenting churches and ministers in that land. In this honourable work, the Baptist and Congregational denominations stood foremost. It was the noble Knibb, and Burchell, Baptist ministers, who gave the last and most powerful blows towards the overthrow of this foul crime, and which ended its existence in the West Indies.

In perusing this history, one is struck with the contrast between the churches and ministers of our own country, and those of England. Slavery found no support in the Baptist, Methodist, or Congregational churches, in England, Ireland, or Scotland.—But how different with us to-day. The slave-system finds no such palliators and defenders, as emanate from these bodies, in our own land. Our churches are directly implicated in the crime. In the slave States of the Union, we have Slavery openly defended from the Bible. Corrupt and corrupting as are our political parties, they send no champions to the field to battle for Slavery, equal to these. They speak in the name of God, and are clothed with divine authority. They brand all movements for the abolition of Slavery, with the charge of infidelity.—They are the choice friends of Slavery. When we attack it, it runs to them for protection. Religion is prostituted to the support of robbery. The Gospel of Liberty is tortured to maintain Slavery. Piety is pressed into the service of cruelty; and slaveholding, slave-buying, and slave-trading, is deliberately carried on in this land by all the leading Christian denominations. We have men sold to build churches, and babes sold to buy Bibles, and women sold to support missionaries. It was not thus in England.—Slavery was the deadly foe of religion. It hated the missionary. It robbed their chapels, assaulted their ministers; and for the best of all reasons, the minister was faithful to his charge, denounced Slavery as being from the infernal, and not from the celestial regions.

But, Sir, I must hasten to a close—others are to follow me, who will do ample justice to the subject. I will just say, in conclusion, that I am not disheartened—I am not discouraged. The cause is in good hands. God, truth, and humanity are with us, and all things are working for our good. I see cause of hope in all directions—in the movements of our enemies—not less than in those our friends. The wrath of man is made to praise God. He has declared that he will confound the wisdom of the crafty, and bring to naught the counsels of the ungodly. In the spirit of the age, in the voice of civilization, in the improvements of steam navigation, in every bar of railroad iron, I read the approach of that happy period, when, instead of being called upon to celebrate the emancipation of eight hundred thousand persons in the West Indies, we shall be summoned to rejoice over the downfall of Slavery in our own land.

Seven Days with Hathaway, Douglass, and Remond.—Meetings at Port Byron, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, and Canandaigua.

DEAR SIR:—A volunteer in the Anti-Slavery field, I joined the Western New-York division of the American Anti-Slavery Society's forces at Port Byron, Cayuga county, on the 27th ultimo. At the request of Joseph C. Hathaway, I attempt a brief account of our movements from that point to Canandaigua.

At Port Byron, famous in Anti-Slavery annals for true hearts and spirited meetings, we spent two days, full of profit and delight. The character of the Constitution, the character and relations of the American Church, and the obligations thence proceeding, were discussed thoroughly, earnestly, and in a spirit full of love and fidelity. It did not matter, that on the former of these topics, my own views, though not harmonizing fully with those of Liberty party, were not altogether accordant with those of my associates. Confiding in each others integrity, we found great pleasure in explaining whatever truths we proposed for each other's benefit and the good of our common cause.

Yielding to the warm persuasions of Hathaway, Douglass, and Remond, I accompanied them to Seneca Falls, where we had a two day's meeting, of thrilling interest. The exercises had progressed much in the spirit of those at Port Byron, until the afternoon of the second day, when certain heroes, set for the defence of Presbyterianism and Methodism in those parts, alarmed by the ringing of battle-axes at their castle-gates, sallied forth against the despisers of their holy things, in all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The Methodist, however, who seemed much impressed with the maxim, "discretion is the better part of valour," soon retired, and left his brave colleague of the Presbyterian school to reap alone the blushing honours of the field.—The latter, with a great swelling air of consequence and courage, challenged an examination of the proofs he should present of the Anti-Slavery character of the General Assembly, and of the "*ne plus ultra*" abolitionism of the Presbyterian Church at Seneca Falls, of which himself was pastor. To hear these proofs, the large Wesleyan chapel was crowded in the evening to the last standing place. Frederick Douglass and his associates were duly arraigned for gross misrepresentations of the Christian religion, as sublimely embodied in the Presbyterian Church; and especially for defaming that Church in its dearly-cherished and world-renowned Anti-Slavery character.

The *proofs* of this Anti-Slavery character consisted, "all told," of a tolerable Anti-Slavery declaration put forth "long long ago," by General Assembly, composed then, as now, partly of slaveholders, and adopted not long since by the Church at Seneca Falls, which was then, as it is now, in full fellowship and communion with those slaveholders. From the lofty summit of these proofs, our gallant ecclesiastic called upon Frederick Douglass to come up and take the confessional, promising, in the spirit of great magnanimity, to pardon to the cause of the slave his misguided and defamatory zeal, and intimating that in case of the "amende honourable," he would even give five dollars to help the cause along!

To this Douglass replied—replied in such a spirit, with such an overwhelming array of facts, such a lucid exhibition of the principles of moral action and responsibility, such a perfect inspiration of eloquence, eloquence at times so playful, so cruelly playful, and anon, so burningly indignant, that the priest stood appalled, as in the presence of old "Sinai itself," and the people seemed alarmed lest he should unseat their present convictions that (*sooth*) white men and coloured were the same mothers' children.

Our priest had insinuated his suspicion, that the Anti-Slavery cloak which Douglass wore was a mere cover of infidelity; he had declared that the heart of the Assembly was deeply wounded by the contempt put upon religion, and that to the judgment of the people, the attempt to involve the Presbyterian Church in the guilt of Slavery, had been a total failure. He hoped to hear Mr. Douglass make *confession* before the people, but if he would not, he trusted that reflection would follow him to his pillow—that he would think of death and the judgment! And so the priest had his eloquence too. That sort described by the little word "*cant*," which means, Lady Morgan says, "the eloquence of hypocrisy!" To all this, Douglass replied, by repeating a declaration, which his opponent had, no doubt, *innocently* overlooked, of his faith in the Christian religion, as it is revealed in the spirit and purpose, the principles and precepts of Jesus. His beautiful recital of the passages in which Jesus describes his own religion, fell refreshingly as dew out of heaven upon the hearts of the people, while the contrast of that carnal, canting, sham, attempted to be imposed in his name, was set before them under a light so intense as to kindle around it consuming fires of indignation. As to the *confession*, he replied, by pouring out the whole volume of woes upon Scribes, Pharisees, and their hypocritical abettors. Such a confession! If there was one messenger at the Court of Heaven in behalf of this man's spirit, earnestly he begged, no doubt, that what he had asked amiss might not be granted, and that in future, "confessions" might, above all things, be withholden. As to the judgment of the people, Mr. Douglass had no mind that it should be assumed for the Church. He requested that so many of the congregation as thought he had fully sustained his charges would signify as much by a show of hands. With an alacrity which delighted to be relieved by such an imputation, almost every hand sprang into the air. An opposite expression was called for, but not a single hand was lifted! The audience were still for a moment, as if contemplating, and then in thunders of applause they bestowed the generous tribute which humanity always pays truth!

The description of this matter, to which, by the way, I have done no sort of justice, leaves only room to add, that the meeting at Waterloo was deeply interesting and those at Canandaigua, all, and more than all, that had been anticipated. At Canandaigua, between three and four thousand people were present. For six hours they sat in the shade of the Accadamy Grove, listening, not merely with patience, but delight, to the "breathing thoughts and burning words," of Douglass, Remond, Garnett, Ward, and others. It was a good time, and an earnest of the better time coming. Let me simply add, that during my seven days with these true yoke fellows, I saw, as never before, the glory of the Anti-Slavery spirit, and appreciated, as never before, the divine beauty and significance of that saying—"All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, ALL are yours."—And so, my dear Sir, I am *thine* for freedom,

CHARLES VAN LOON.

Syracuse, August, 1847.

The Irish and American Unitarians.

BOSTON, August 6, 1847.

MR. GAY—DEAR SIR:—When I read your article, in the Standard of July 29, on the "Irish and American Unitarians," which article, permit me to say, I thought gave a very just view of the case, I felt moved to write to you without delay, in explanation of some matters therein referred to. Partly owing to engagements which called me away from here, but mainly to a disinclination to revive a subject, the contemplation of which affords me so little pleasure, I have deferred doing so. But the consciousness that my *silence* may be construed as a tacit admission that I have been wanting in due courtesy to my Irish Unitarian brethren, leads me to ask a space in your paper, for the single purpose of giving a succinct statement of facts in the case.

In the summer of 1843, an address was sent by the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, to their brethren in America, in which the question of Slavery was made prominent. It was transmitted to Rev. Dr. Gannett, who, without loss of time, caused it to be published (as he has recently stated) in the Christian Register and Christian World.

No answer to this communication has ever been sent to the writers. No steps have ever been taken by the gentleman to whose care it was forwarded, or by any others, to procure a reply.

Early in 1844, there was received in this country an address from one hundred and eighty-five Unitarian ministers of Great Britain and Ireland, to their ministerial brethren in America, which referred especially and earnestly to Slavery, and to the position of American Unitarians in respect thereto. This was transmitted to Rev. William Ware. It was made public in the Register and World, the editors of which forthwith summoned a meeting of Unitarian ministers, to consider whether any, and what, reply should be made to it. Said meeting was accordingly held February 29th, and a Committee of five gentlemen were appointed to prepare a reply. This Committee reported a reply, at an adjourned meeting held April 11th, of the same year, which reply was amended and adopted. It afterwards received the signatures, if I rightly remember, of about one hundred and forty ministers, and was forwarded, the ensuing autumn, to England; and made public, there and here. I have mentioned this case, for the contrast it affords to that first mentioned; prompt effort being made to secure a reply in the latter case, no effort at all being made, in the former.

Early in the year 1846, the Irish Unitarian Christian Society sent a second letter to their American brethren, making reference to the former one, and expressing regret that no notice had ever been taken of it. This letter was sent to my care, as stated by Dr. Gannett, in his late communication to the Christian World and Christian Register. The resolution of the Irish Unitarian Society, as published in your paper of July 29, is incorrect in this particular, stating that *both* addresses were forwarded to Dr. G.'s care, whereas the first only was so forwarded.

The question will now be naturally asked: Has the *second* letter of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society been replied to? If not, why not? If not, is not Mr. May as much involved in the charge of a want of courtesy towards the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, as any other individual of the American Unitarian body possibly can be?

I will state the facts connected with this second letter, Mr. Editor, and they shall speak for me.

Immediately after receiving the letter in question, I made an effort to have it published in the Register, and World; and, after some delay, succeeded in having it published in both those papers. I also procured some hundreds of copies to be struck off, in tract form, and sent a copy, so far as I was able to obtain the address, to every minister of our denomination. At the first following meeting of the American Unitarian Association, which was in May, (1846,) I brought this letter to the notice of the Association, and proposed the appointment of a Committee to reply to it on behalf of American Unitarians, as represented by that body. Such a vote was passed, and a Committee appointed. About two hours after, this vote was rescinded, on the ground that the letter was not *specifically* addressed to the American Unitarian Association. At the suggestion of several friends, I called a special meeting of Unitarian gentlemen to consider the subject. A respectable number remained, constituted a meeting, voted to reply to the letter, and appointed a Committee of ten gentlemen to prepare and forward a reply. It was many months, owing to circumstances which I am not able to explain, before the reply was written, and laid before the Committee. As they lived at different places, widely removed from one another, much time was necessarily occupied in laying it before them all. It was then found that the reply, as drafted, was not satisfactory to several of the Committee, the numbers of those agreeing and of those disagreeing to it, being about equal, I believe. The same gentleman was urged to prepare another reply, and it was understood that he would do so. I believe that he meant to do so, but owing to the pressure of other business, it was not done. In this way the year passed. When the anniversaries again came round, (in May, 1847,) I summoned the Committee again together. They met, and appointed another member of their body to prepare a reply. He has attended to the duty; has prepared a reply, which has been agreed to by the rest of the Committee, and which, I doubt not, will prove acceptable to our Irish friends. It will be transmitted to its destination by the next mail steamship.

From this statement others must judge whether I have done, or have not done, what properly devolved upon me, to obtain an answer to the second letter of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, and whether it has been actually owing to a want of courtesy that no answer to it has yet been forwarded.

For myself, I think there certainly has been no discourtesy in this latter case. The delay in the reply has been owing to other causes. And yet I admit that the long delay, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the first letter never received any notice at all, furnished sufficient ground for the feeling, on the part of our Irish Unitarian brethren, that a great "want of courtesy" towards them had certainly been "evinced by their Unitarian brethren in America."

You may ask, if I consider the neglect to reply to the *first* letter as evidence of a breach of courtesy? I confess I have not, heretofore, so viewed it. I have not been willing to believe, and I have not believed, that Dr. Gannett would be discourteous to any of his brethren, abroad or at home. It was, therefore, with great surprise that I read his own recent declaration, that one of his reasons for taking no measures to reply to the letter sent to his care, was that he did not feel "disposed" so to do.

And why not *disposed?* Was it because the burden of the Irish letter was *Slavery?* We must think so. For last year, when an address on PEACE, very numerously signed by British and Irish Unitarian ministers, came to this country through Dr. Gannett's hands, he not only made it public in several prints, but interested himself deeply and effectually to have a suitable acknowledgement and reply made. The chief, if not the whole labour of preparing the reply, circulating it for signatures, and forwarding it to England, was undertaken by Dr. Gannett. I can only say that had he done the same, or the half of it, in reference to the letter of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, on *Slavery*, (and the one, as well as the other, was confided to his care,) I am sure our Dublin friends would never have complained of any want of courtesy on our part.

And let me add, in this connection, another significant fact. When the English *Peace* Address was brought before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School, (as it was,) no objection was raised on the score that it was not *specifically addressed* to that body; although some of the very individuals were then and there present, who, six weeks before, had most strenuously resisted any action, by the American Unitarian Association, upon the Dublin letter on Slavery, for the reason that it was not specifically addressed to the Association. Attention was called, at the time, to this contradictory course; but no explanation of it was attempted.

It is true—altogether too obvious to be denied—that the Unitarian body in this country has not dealt impartially, or courageously, or earnestly, with the enormous national and individual sin of *Slavery*. In public meetings, again and again, the question has been staved off, and driven out, because of technical, formal, verbal objections, when every consideration of a vital and substantial nature called for, and demanded, plain and earnest words, manly and decisive deeds. Nationally, socially, denominationally, we have been connected with Slavery, and have been helping to sustain it. Slow, very slow, and perpetually opposed, have all our steps been, to throw off this load, and rid ourselves of all participation in the guilt. It is no pleasure, it is a great grief, and has been an unspeakable disappointment to me, to find these things so, and to feel called upon to declare them. But they are true, and they ought to be declared. Yet are there in the Unitarian body, some who will not willingly suffer the memory of Channing, and Follen, and Chapman, to be dishonoured; some who have faithfully maintained, in evil report and good report, the Anti-Slavery of the Gospel of Christ; some who have not asked counsel of man, nor loved the praise of man more than the praise of God. With all these, however denounced by others as a fanatic and a disturber, I find sympathy and communion. The fellowship of others, however exalted they may be, and honoured among men, I do not desire, and shall cheerfully suffer the loss of it. If they are false to the faith and spirit of that great Master whom they profess to preach and to serve, and no voice more worthy and efficient is found to protest against the treachery, and rebuke it, than *mine*, humble as it is, while God gives me strength and help, it shall not keep silent. May the kingdom, and perfect reign, of our Lord Jesus Christ, come! For that great end, I feel assured, my dear Sir, we are labouring together, in so far as we labour in the sacred cause of Freedom and Humanity. And with the knowledge that our labours cannot be in vain, in the Lord, we have no right to falter, or to lose hope. The victory shall be ours.

Pardon my long letter, and believe me, sincerely yours,

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1847.

The Rev. Dr. Dewey and the Abolitionists.

The readers of the Standard will not be likely to pass by, without reading, the letter of the Rev. Dr. Dewey on Abolitionism, which is on the first page of this number of our paper. The position of that gentleman, as a leading clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, and as a man of acknowledged talent, and wide influence, entitles such a document to consideration, and to something more than a mere republication in an Anti-Slavery paper.

We have been amused, grieved, and surprised, at it.—Amused at its assumed contempt for what is evidently a source of great vexation; grieved at the low tone of its morality, and the want of Christian feeling on a subject of such absorbing interest, and paramount importance, as Slavery; and surprised at its weakness, and its want of courtesy, and kindness of temper.

Everybody remembers the story of the man who went home to his wife complaining bitterly that somebody had called him a scoundrel. "But what do you care for such slanderous lies?" she answered. "Ah!" said he, "but the worst of it is, the fellow proved it!" Doubtless, like Dr. Dewey, and the Judge he speaks of, this man would have cared as little for the imputation upon his integrity, if nobody had heard of it. A good reputation is certainly a desirable thing, but a good character—a conscience void of offence—is a better. Dr. Dewey will hardly enhance the esteem in which the world holds him, by the acknowledgment he makes in this letter, that he esteems of little consequence the charges that may be made against him, provided they are known to a few persons only. For this is no uncharitable construction of his story of the Judge. He was shocked at the representations of the "Abolition Press," for his character had hitherto been unimpeached. He did not ask himself: "Are these charges true? Can it be that my position is as these people represent it? Is my influence on the side of the oppressor, and not on that of the oppressed?" These questions apparently did not trouble him. He sought to learn rather who heard the charges; and satisfied on this point, he was contented to know that his reputation was safe, whatever might become of his character.—Surely this is a melancholy position for an eminent Christian divine to place himself in by his own acknowledgment; for we shall not, we presume, be accused of giving utterance to any new extravagance when we say, that what we look for in every upright man—not to say clergyman—is, that he would examine the charges impugning his character, when made by "conscientious men," regardless of who hears them, or whether they affect his reputation or not.

But sad as it is, that a man of Dr. Dewey's influence should avow so low a standard of morality, the exhibition becomes amusing when we see that after all, this contempt for Abolitionists is only assumed. The letter before us is written precisely because the writer feels that these much-despised people have found an audience who have listened to, and believed them. An impression, he says, has been produced in England, unfavourable to him; the gentlemen who reflected upon his Christian character in the London meeting, are familiar with the Anti-Slavery papers of this country, and other persons have been induced by the representations of these papers to believe him a pro-slavery man, and to declare that they will "never read another word" of his. The abolition press, then, is not so despicable, as Dr. Dewey, and his friend, the Judge, would affect to believe. Or if it be unknown, and uninfluential, then Dr. Dewey, in acknowledging that his reputation has suffered, must acknowledge, also, that the Unitarian public, which he feels called upon to address, have come to the conclusion which he so much deprecates, from their own observation.

It would be unpardonable vanity in the Abolitionists, with their own experience before them, to suppose that their mere assertions can alone establish the good or bad reputation of any man; and it is a poor compliment to the Unitarians to say that they graduate their estimation of the character of their leading men by the opinions of a few newspapers. The truth is, that the influence of the Anti-Slavery press, like that of any other, is never greater than its merit; and the estimate it has put upon the course of Dr. Dewey on the Slavery question is accepted, because, upon an examination of the evidence, the public have found it to be true.

And herein is our answer to the judgment which Dr. Dewey has passed upon the Abolitionists at large. We by no means contend for their infallibility. They are, as other men, weak and erring. Many among them have done much that is wrong, and much that is foolish. Often has their cause been nearly lost, sometimes through the weakness of its friends, and sometimes from their internal dissensions. But that Anti-Slavery is now something more than the unspoken sentiment of a few good men, who regretted the existence of a great wrong, for which they saw no remedy—that it has become an important element in the politics of a powerful people, and a principle worth contending for in their religion—that it governs, in a measure, the social relations of the people of two nations, and that to be, or not to be an Abolitionist, stamps the character of a man in the estimation of millions on both sides the Atlantic—herein is self-evident proof, which needs no argument, that in the main the Abolitionists have been right. However fanatical or visionary, however unwise or uncharitable, they may have been, they have made Anti-Slavery a CAUSE. The timid men who cannot yet bear the opprobrious name of Abolitionist, a few years since were equally ready to deny that they were Anti-Slavery. And if they deny the name now, it is because public sentiment demands the avowal that they are all that the Abolitionists profess to be, though the name has not yet lost the opprobrium which not long since rested upon the thing itself. Can we have a better instance of this than in Dr. Dewey's own case? There is, he says, no truer Anti-Slavery man now than himself. But who has forgotten that a little while ago, he stood forward as the champion of a cruel and vulgar prejudice at the same time the fruit of, and the excuse for, chattel Slavery? Better would it be that he whose heart is filled with compassion, at length, for the slave, whose daily prayer, and whose daily labour, is, that this accursed system of wrong and outrage upon millions of his fellow-men shall come to a speedy end, should not stop, when so much is still to be done, to carp and cavil at the errors of those who have preceded him in the holy work. Rather will he thank God that these men have brought the work to that point that he can finish it. *They* have aroused the people.—Let him direct them. And if these misguided men still believe their mission unfulfilled, it is at least an innocent vanity. It may be, that there are still some foundation-stones of the temple to be laid, where David's labour is yet needed, to prepare for their "more wise and peaceful successors." Surely the Abolitionists can do no harm, if the leadership no longer belongs to them, and the people no longer give heed to their words or their works.

But how farcical is it—to use no harsher term—in any man, to affect contempt for a class, the pressure of whose influence over the public mind, at home and abroad, has forced him into the very position, where he makes so unwise and undignified a display of his chagrin and mortification. Were we disposed to retaliate upon Dr. Dewey, to what severity of language does he not render himself obnoxious when he calls on Abolitionists "solemnly to ponder" the 1st and 2d verses of the vii. chapter of Matthew, while in the same paragraph he passes upon them the heavy judgment of being unjust, violent, wrathful and inhuman! For once, at least, he shall have the opportunity of confessing that an Anti-Slavery paper has treated him with the most considerate tenderness.

Dr. Dewey's one sermon on the Annexation of Texas we remember to have read and noticed. It made no very indelible impression upon us, but if our memory serves us, it compared very well with the general run of Whig speeches for the last four years. His sermon on "The Slavery Question," published in a volume, issued from the press within a few weeks, we have not had the good fortune to see. But throwing aside every evidence, negative and positive, of the pro-slavery position of Dr. Dewey, and accepting him at his own estimate, what has he done for the Anti-Slavery cause? Two sermons in a life-time! Once preached, and once published! Is this fulfilling the whole duty of a minister of the Gospel? Granting even that these two discourses were entirely unobjectionable—that none of those who listened to them were strengthened in the belief that their duty in relation to Slavery consisted not so much in constant efforts for its overthrow, as in a never-failing protest against the rashness of those who were labouring honestly, however foolishly, to that great end—yet we submit whether the discourses entitle the writer to plead not guilty to the charge of indifference or enmity to the cause of the slave? This is not a question between Dr. Dewey and the Abolitionists. It is not whether he has done as they would have him, but whether he *has done anything*. Is he identified with the cause of those in bonds? Let his own reputation at home and abroad, and the reputation of his Society in this city, as pre-eminently conservative, be the answer.

But why refer to the sermons at all? We have in the letter before us, under his own hand, the clearest and latest exposition of his opinions on this subject. Let us look at it for a moment.

Dr. Dewey rises in Washington to expound to the people the "great moral truths of Christianity." To whom is he preaching? To slaveholders! To men living in daily disobedience to the law of God; men, in whose ears sounds hourly the clank of the chains of the victims to rapacity and inhumanity; men, whose hearts have become stone to the cries of the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, torn asunder at the human shambles; but men, whose minds, if not their consciences, have been aroused by the judgment of the world upon the sin, and evil, of the system of Slavery. They have been driven to the Bible as their justification. Wrapping around them, as a garment, the garb of religion which their spiritual teachers, both North and South, have thrown to them, they defy the Abolitionists as fanatics and infidels, as bold innovators upon the simple precepts of Jesus and his Apostles, and hug themselves in the belief that their lives are in accordance with the divine morality, and the Slavery of the 19th century a system which God, and all good men approve. And Dr. Dewey rises,—he, a man of more than ordinary power,—an acknowledged leader of a great humanitarian sect,—a Northern man, unblinded and unprejudiced by the circumstances of a slaveholding life—an ordained servant of his master, filled with the whole counsel of God—and what teaches he? We beg the reader to mark his position, and ponder upon his words. He stands between the slaveholder, who grasps the Bible as his shield against all accusation, and the accuser, who would open its pages, and read therefrom the condemnation of the heinous wrong of Slavery. And he says: "*I do not wonder that violent ultraists find the New Testament very little to their taste; that they have no patience with what they call its toleration of old abuses; and that they rave like maniacs against its ministers and churches as the greatest obstacles in the way. For it is certain that there is nothing of abolitionism, nor tee-totalism, nor of ultra anti-Government radicalism, in the Christian record.*"—The heart of the slaveholder is comforted. The Bible is clasped the closer as a protecting ægis against an accusing world, and the patriarch walks henceforth among his *people*, secure in the belief that "no extravagant propositions, no wild projects, nor proposals of violent changes, disfigure the pages of the New Testament."—Slavery doubtless will outlast his day, and when God wills that this "old abuse" shall pass away, it will be *gently* and *gradually*, for so must it ever be with all moral changes!

Now, do we misrepresent Dr. Dewey here? Let it be remembered that he is speaking to men who know nothing of the peculiarities of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, but who only recognize it as a war waged against the Peculiar Institution, by those who believe it wrong. The question with them is not whether the Fosters, or Phillips, or Garrison, are right in the ultraisms on the pro-slavery character of the Church and the State, to which they gave utterance in a New England Convention, or a meeting at the Tabernacle, but whether Slavery itself is a sin, and is rightly condemned by the world as such, in the light of the great moral principles of Christianity.—And speaking, as he did, to a Southern audience in such a mood, did not Dr. Dewey strike hands with the oppressor, and give the weight of his influence, as a man, and a minister, against the oppressed?

A theological discussion is out of place here, nor do we mean to enter into one. But we submit to every candid mind whether Dr. Dewey's position is not, to say the least of it, a very equivocal one, for a man who professes to be an opponent of Slavery. If he were an advocate of the system as a divine institution, his citation of the case of Onesimus, and the precepts to master and slave in the New Testament, are what we should of course look or; for these instances are relied upon by the slaveholders to justify, by the Bible, the system of Slavery as it now exists. But even supposing that Dr. Dewey agrees with the slaveholder, upon the mere question of fact, that Paul did return a fugitive slave to his master, and that the precepts referred to, were given to men sustaining the same relation as that sustained now by the master and slave of the Southern States, if he at the same time disagrees with them as to the authority of the Bible, have we not the right to expect of him that when he states what he believes to be the fact, he would accompany it always with a statement of his peculiar views as to the authority of the Christian Record? It may be that he sometime did this. It may be that in some one of the series of discourses on the "great moral traits of Christianity," he was careful to tell his hearers that the precepts and the example of the Apostle were of no binding force upon us in our day and our circumstances: that although he believes that Christianity will eventually redress the wrong of Slavery, yet that the principles of our religion were so little understood by its first teachers, that they acted directly in opposition to them. But we do complain, on the slave's behalf, that in the extract from his sermon, preached at Washington, he did no such thing. He states the broad conclusions to which he comes in regard to the New Testament, which the slaveholders eagerly seize as in accordance with their own. But he does not, while he thus comforts them with the assurance that there is nothing of abolitionism in the Christian Record, tell them also that that Record, in its letter, is not the last appeal as a rule of right. And is not the complaint a just one?—Is not the man who thus strengthens the slaveholder in the position on which he most relies against attacks on the slave system, and which is deemed impregnable by many even who have no interest in sustaining Slavery, justly ranked as an enemy to the slave, and a friend to his oppressor?

When we consider how much of human interest, for the present and for the future, is involved in the settlement of this question, it becomes a matter of moment how any man, and much more, how any man of wide influence, shall express himself upon it. It is not a question of abstract theory; not a point of theological difference; not a consideration of party politics, which demands our attention, but something which touches the welfare of every human being in the land, and the temporal and eternal condition of three millions of the people. Taking Dr. Dewey's own word, then, that he is "opposed to Slavery," we have the right to form our own conclusions from his expressed views as to the degree of his opposition. We cannot see it in any signs of heartiness or earnestness. We cannot help doubting that he feels "for those in bonds as bound with them," who deems himself called upon to insist that the New Testament contains nothing of Abolitionism,—who, in reference to Abolitionists, can consent to promulgate before a Southern audience, a doctrine which so jumps with their humour, and would be applied to any Anti-Slavery movement, "that no extravagant propositions, no wild projects, no proposals of violent changes, disfigure the pages of the New Testament,"—or who can thus wilfully misrepresent the object, and the measures of the Anti-Slavery enterprise; or if it be not wilfully, can willingly remain in such ignorance of them, as to be capable of such misrepresentations. We have no faith in any anti-slavery that is not based on the firm foundation of religious principle. Dr. Dewey, it is true, acknowledges that Christianity will at length correct the abuse of Slavery, as it will all others, but that there is any wide and radical difference between the great truths taught by Jesus, and his immediate disciples, and the practical operation of chattel Slavery as it exists to-day, in the rice-swamps of South Carolina, or the cotton-fields of Louisiana, he evidently does not believe. He makes no distinction between the Slavery in the United States in the nineteenth century, and the Slavery of the Roman Empire in the first; but he finds in the Christian Record an example and rules which can only regulate, not destroy the relation of master and slave. Is this Anti-Slavery? Throw to the winds all questions as to whether we, as Abolitionists, are right or wrong, and take Dr. Dewey's views on their own merits, and is there anything in them that deserves the name of opposition to Slavery? Has Slavery, the gigantic crime of our day and nation, no worse enemy than this to encounter, in the person of a minister of the Gospel of Him, the great central principle of whose teaching, was,—Love to Man?

Indeed we are not sure that even those, who are not slaveholders, and who are not pro-slavery, and who are anxious to find in the New Testament arguments against the chattel system, would not be in doubt as to whether Dr. Dewey is not, after all, a defender of Slavery as abstractly right. The New Testament is supposed to be consistent with itself. It is difficult to conceive, therefore, how any institution which so essentially influences the happiness and welfare of mankind, can be at the same time in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but not condemned by its letter. The common notion of Christianity is that it absolutely, both in its spirit and letter, condemns everything that is wrong in itself.—If it does not condemn Slavery, it is because it is not wrong. It may be inexpedient, or inconvenient, or unprofitable, but it cannot be immoral, if it is sustained by the letter of the Christian Record, and will only be done away with in the event of a Millennium. It comes then to this—and we think we do no violence in following out the reasoning of Dr. Dewey, and so getting at his practical position—that he does not believe Slavery wrong in itself, or that we have any duty as Christians in regard to it. Starting from such premises we do not wonder that the extent of his public labours in behalf of the slave has been two sermons only. Indeed we are rather surprised that he has done so much. If the cruel and bitter bondage of three millions of his countrymen does not touch him as a Christian, we do not wonder that it does not reach him as a humane man. He who could deem it his duty to devote his life to the teaching of such a religion, must part with his humanity at the outset to qualify himself for the task.

A SOLDIER'S RIGHT OF CONSCIENCE.—The following letter is said to have been written by General Scott to Hon. M. Filmore. The Courier and Enquirer says that "the writer settles the question of conscience involved in the true spirit." Certainly a man who thinks that killing Mexicans to make room for more American slaves, is not Christian work, must be either a coward or a madman:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

My dear Sir,—I have received the two letters (one from the Rev. Mr. Angler, and the other signed by Mr. Van Wyck,) asking, on several grounds, the discharge of James Thompson, a private in the second regiment of Artillery. 1st.—He has, since his enlistment, reformed his habits. This is an argument in favour of his serving out his time, lest he should relapse, if discharged, before confirmed in his reformation—military discipline highly favours reformation. 2d—He has become pious. This makes him at once a better soldier and a better man, and fortunately we are not without many pious officers and men in our ranks; but 3d—it is alleged that he has imbibed conscientious scruples against performing military duty. If the man be mad he can be discharged on a surgeon's certificate to that effect—but if he has only turned coward, we have ample means of punishing him if he should, when ordered, refuse to fight. I return the letters you enclosed, and remain, my dear sir,

With great esteem, yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Hon. M. FILMORE.

Notice.

GARRISON AND DOUGLASS IN NEW-YORK.—We are requested by Mr. Hathaway, the General Agent for New-York, to say that the advertisement for the meetings of Garrison and Douglass in this State is correct, as it is printed in this paper. The arrangements for the meetings are already made in the various towns, and to attempt any change now, would not only be troublesome, but lead to great confusion.

Will the Liberator please copy the advertisement, and state that the arrangement will be as first made?

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVES.—No new facts have transpired in this case. The slaves have not been recovered by the Captain, and the public by this time is fully satisfied that, with the assistance of somebody, they have taken possession of their own bodies, and gone to parts unknown.

On the first page we publish the decision of Judge Edwards. We hoped to have accompanied it with the writs and the returns, but have not been able to procure them in season. We shall lay them before our readers next week, if possible, and they will, we are sure, agree with us that this decision of Judge Edwards, in view of the facts, well deserves to be called infamous.

We were in error in stating last week that the report which we published of Mr. Jay's speech was *verbatim*. It contained the main points only. As we did not hear the speech, we supposed the notes which were handed us contained the speech in full. We make this statement in justice to Mr Jay.

HON. SETH SPRAGUE.—A writer in a Plymouth (Mass.) paper, in an obituary notice of the late Patriarch of the Anti-Slavery cause, says: "Though not what is called at the present time an Abolitionist, he was a strong Anti-Slavery man, and during a large portion of his life, exerted a great influence in behalf of the bondman."

This seems to be a wilful misrepresentation, for no one knowing our late venerable friend could be ignorant that he was, even in the most offensive sense of the term, an

Abolitionist,—a Garrisonian and a "Come-outer" from a pro-slavery Church and State. He was the founder of the Wesleyan Church in his own town, and had absented himself from the ballotbox from conscientious scruples against voting under a pro-slavery Constitution. We have been in the habit of attending meetings in Boston rather constantly for the last eight or nine years, and we do not recollect ever being present at more than one, that "Father Sprague" was not on the platform, and on that occasion he was detained at home by illness. We are sure that nothing could have more excited the indignation of the good old man, before his death, than to be told that some pretended friend would have reviled him, and insulted his memory, by asserting that he was not an Abolitionist.

To Correspondents.

E. L. P. The regulation of this matter rests entirely with Mr. H. We presume it is too late to make any change now.

J. M. Mc'K. "Soap?"

D. I. We do not think either extreme have just the right on this question. The true position, however, will doubtless be found, as the subject is attracting more attention.

J. B. It depends upon the amount of ground to be covered, the height, and the quality of the material. If you can send us information on the first point, we can get a definite answer from the makers. They will give none without it.

N. P. L. can hand the money to the Postmaster, and direct him to forward it to us. Be careful, however, to take a receipt of him, for we suspect he is a rogue. He has no right to charge you five cents for a newspaper.—Three cents can only be charged on transient papers.—But for a paper to which you are a yearly subscriber, he cheats you when he takes more than one cent.

E. H. The fault is the Postmaster's. The papers are mailed here regularly every Wednesday evening. Is the address of J. S. R. correct? There is no such P. O. in the Blue Book.

MR. MAY'S LETTER.—We call the attention of all our readers, and especially those of the Unitarian faith, to the letter in another column of the Rev. S. May, Jr. It is a complete justification of his own course in regard to one of the Irish addresses, while the facts he gives prove that so far as the other is concerned, the Irish Unitarians have more cause for the resolution which they passed, than they permitted to appear upon the face of it.

☞ The editor of the Charter Oak says that "truest power is not storm-footed." We presume he means web-footed.

Notes on New Books.

Men, Women, and Books.—The Messrs. Harper have just published two very handsome volumes bearing this title, being a collection of review and magazine articles, by Leigh Hunt. They are excellently adapted for the season, and will prove most acceptable volumes for railroad and steamboat travellers, as well as to those who stretch themselves out under the shade of old trees to read new books, in the country. We find among these essays and reviews many old acquaintances whose paternity we were before ignorant of; among them is that most humorous story, "Jack Abbot's Fretfail," which has afforded us many a hearty laugh. Leigh Hunt is the most genial and humane of all reformers. He never for a moment ceases to be the pure-minded, kind-hearted philosopher, who forgives the wickedness of the world while he points it out with such a loving pen that we cannot but love the sinner while we abhor his sin.—Everything that he writes is so full of love and nature, so kind and genial, and withal so common and simple, that we know of no author whose writings may be read with less fear of harm than Leigh Hunt. It is a satisfaction to know that he has recently been pensioned by Queen, Victoria which is a tribute to his personal worth, for he has never in any instance been an apologist for the Government, but on the coutrary, he had the honour of being imprisoned for a libel on that libel of humanity, George IV. The volumes are embellished with a neatly engraved portrait of the author, painted when he was about thirty-five.

The same publishers have issued the History of Louis the Fourteenth, by Miss Pardoe, author of the City of the Sultan. The work is issued in numbers, and is handsomely illustrated with wood engravings representing the historical buildings of France connected with the reign of the Grand Monarque. Miss Pardoe writes with elegance and force, and having for her subject a period of French history, which, like the reign of Napoleon, seems inexhaustible in its resources for the historian and romancer, she has produced a work of uncommon interest and favour. It has the exciting interest of a romance, and the dignified character of a history.—B.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXI.

THE ARGUMENT. *Summer and News.—St. Polk's Day and the Festival of St. Zachary.—Captain Lincoln's Funeral.—The White Charger.—The Correspondent tempted to preach, but strengthened to resist, and how? The Funeral at Worcester.—The Shopping Interest.—An impracticable Watchmaker.—A Suffering Saint and Martyred Marshal.—A short way with Sinners.—Fun in Hollis Street.—Prophetic character of Francis Jackson in peril.—Rum and Slavery at a discount.—Zion in distress.—The Correspondent giveth of his advice liberally, and withholdeth it not.—First of August anticipated.—Shabby behaviour of the Clerk of the Weather. Meeting at Neponset Village.—Sunday Meeting at Worcester.—Incidents.—Patience of Meeting under rebuke.—Inferences thereon.—Death of Mr. Sprague—Of Mrs. Chapman, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, August 5, 1847.

I believe it is a trifle longer than usual since I wrote last; but you must remember that the summer, though a season well enough in its way, is not one usually fertile of news, whatever it may be of potatoes. You cannot expect accounts of Presidential rejoicings or Presidential Drawing-rooms, every month. St. Polk's Day is not marked in the Kalendar, even with an Annual Red Letter. It is not only a "moveable feast," but a very irregular one. Its recurrence cannot be reckoned on much oftener than that of the Twenty-Ninth of February.—We shall not have such a festival again until the Feast of Holy Zachary, some four years hence; of which, if spared, you may expect an account.

The most noticeable event in the way of public show, since you heard from me last, was Captain Lincoln's funeral. This pageant attracted a good deal of notice, of course, there being a numerous military escort, (the whole Brigade, I believe,) with all the paraphernalia of muffled drums, shrouded banners, arms reversed, military bands playing Dead marches, minute guns, tolling bells, half-masted colours, and all the other devices which men have sought out to cover up and disguise from themselves the ghastly and bloody fruits of battle. The show was an imposing one in its way,—the only failure consisting in the "gallant charger," of which so much was said in the newspapers, but which, after all, was nothing but a poor rat of a beast, and he so sick that he could hardly put one foot before the other.

It is not my wont to *preach*, in my letters, as you well know; but if it were, this would be no bad text: "The temptation is strong for the flesh" of a letter-writer; but I will wrestle with it and subdue it. The victory will, perhaps, be the easier, inasmuch as I am forthwith to occupy for a season the pulpit of the same Reverend gentleman, here, during his absence on a missionary visit to the West, whose desk I unworthily filled last summer, when he was abroad on a like errand. There I can preach to my heart's content on any subject.

I was told when at Worcester, last Sunday, that the affair created little interest there. It was affirmed that not more than twenty (some said *sixties*) citizens of the county of Worcester walked in the part of the procession assigned to them, and only four or five of these were from the town. About a third of the shop-keepers shut up their shops, many of whom excused themselves because of the weight of the Shopping Interest that would be offended by a refusal. One, however, a watchmaker, not only kept his shop-windows open, but felt moved to append to them the additional testimony of a placard on which was inscribed—"NO HOMAGE TO MURDERERS!" This was a thorn in the side of the Chief Marshal, the Hon. ISAAC DAVIS, the eminent Baptist whom the Democrats pitted last year against Deacon Briggs—on the principle, I suppose, of "Greek meeting Greek." Next morning this eminent saint visited the Mordecai that had thus sat in his gate, and rebuked him something in this wise. Not having been present at the time, I cannot swear to the exact words, but this was the effect.—"How dare you, Sir, post Captain Lincoln as a murderer? Do you know who I am? Am not I a member of the Baptist Church in regular standing, not heretically *sprinkled*, but canonically *dipped*, and, moreover, superintendant of the Sabbath School? And do you think, Sir, that *I* would marshal a procession in honour of a MURDERER!" This, of course, settled the whole question. I am afraid this impenitent sinner will never see the face of another Baptist watch again, as long as he lives.

It is said that there is some fun toward, at the Hollis street Church. The Rev. Mr. Fosdick, the successor of Mr. Pierpont, is about to "go into retiracy." Perhaps you remember, at Mr. Pierpont's trial, before the Council, that our worthy Treasurer, Francis Jackson, being a witness, was asked by the Counsel on one side or the other, or by some member,

"Do you think, Mr. Jackson, that, should Mr. Pierpont remain, the minority would be able to support him?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Jackson, "I have no doubt they could."

"Do you believe, then, that the majority could support a minister, should Mr. Pierpont retire?"

"Why, yes," replied the catechumen, in his peculiarly dry and deliberate manner, "the majority have money enough; and if they put Rum and Slavery into the pulpit, I think there is every likelihood that they will be supported!"

Now, numerous and shining as we know the gifts of our worthy friend to be, it looks very much as if that of prophecy was not one of them. For the Hollis street Rumsellers proceeded to make up their minister strictly according to Mr. Jackson's prescription; but he does not seem to have gone down any the better for all that. Rum and Slavery had no fault to find with him; but some how or other, the pews hang on hand. There was no demand for the stock. The market was heavy. So Rum and Slavery were at their old tricks and would not pay him his hush-money. This was very unhandsome of them, as it was not denied that he had performed his part of the bargain. The reverend gentleman found himself much in the predicament of the man who sold himself to the Devil, and then could n't get his pay. So, one day, he gave notice, as either party might, according to the terms of agreement, that his ministry would close at the end of six months; upon which, it is said, (for I was not present here, either,) that the parish, with the most cheerful alacrity, expressed their readiness to pay his arrears, and also to come down with his whole salary up to the first of next January, *provided he would leave them at once!*

How the matter stands now, or what is to be done in the premises, is more than I can tell. But it is an awful warning to all ministers who are thinking of making *a trade* with Rum and Slavery, to have their wits about them, or they may find themselves sadly overreached in the bargain. Should the Society think of dissolving itself, and committing a sort of corporate suicide in despair of ever having their spiritual things ordered to their mind, I would humbly suggest having the meeting-house converted into a theatre for farces, *vaudevilles*, and comic operas, so that it may still continue to afford diversion to the public, and perhaps derive a revenue from the game it will make, instead of furnishing sport without money and without price. But should the proprietors still be desirous of going to Heaven by the way of Hollis street, I would name, with all possible deference, the Rev. Dr. Dewey, late of your city, as one eminently adapted to their spiritual necessities, well fitted to labour in this portion of the vineyard, and to be set for the defence of this particular Zion.

You know that we undertook this year to take up the First of August the day before it was due, and, consequently, were allowed a heavy discount we had not reckoned on, in the shape of bad weather. The Clerk of the weather was unaccountably perverse and cross-grained on the occasion. He forfeited all the claim he might have asserted to be ranked as a Garrison Abolitionist, from his behaviour at the reception of Mr. Polk. His conduct was shabby in the extreme. His only excuse could be that he had made his arrangements for the First of August, and was not to be held accountable for the Thirty-First of July.

However, we were not to be discouraged so easily as one might suppose, and a goodly company repaired to the appointed place (or near it) by railway, and by various leathern conveniences. The beautiful grove (called Tinian, by corruption *Tenean*, many years ago, from one of the South Sea Islands described by Captain Cook as a terrestrial paradise,) had to be given up, and we held our meeting in the Vestry of the Neponset Village Meeting-House. Mr. Garrison was called to the chair, and addresses made in the morning by Messrs. S. May, W. W. Brown, Buffum, and others. In the afternoon I spoke at the opening of the meeting, and Mr. Pillsbury followed. At this point I was obliged to leave the assembly in order to take the Worcester cars. But I am informed that the meeting, growing too large for its walls, and the weather having cleared off most charmingly, just as it was too late to be of any general advantage, adjourned to the grove, and had addresses from Messrs. Garrison, William I. Bowditch, Moody, and others, interspersed with appropriate songs from the Weymouth choir. The meeting was wonderfully successful, considering the circumstances, and would have been triumphantly so, had the fine weather begun a little sooner.

At Worcester, on Sunday, we had a very prosperous meeting, indeed. It was a quarterly meeting of the Worcester County, South Division, Anti-Slavery Society, held at this time, in honour of the day. Brinley Hall was full in the morning, fuller in the afternoon, and crammed in the evening. The various topics connected with the day and the town, were fully discussed by Messrs. May, Pillsbury, Quincy, Foster, and others. In the afternoon there was a little spice thrown into the seasoning of the meeting, by a young gentleman recently from college, who undertook, with more zeal than knowledge, the defence of his country against the charges brought against it by Mr. Pillsbury. Mr. Foster replied to him most conclusively, but with much kindness and consideration.—A Land Reformer, also, undertook the vindication of the model Republic against the "odorous comparisons" which had been drawn, to her disfavour, between her and monarchical England. He, also, raised the issue, the badge of all his tribe, of the oppressed condition of the white labourers in England, as a reason for not doing her honour for her great act of justice to her black slaves! I endeavoured, in reply, to show the absurdity of the attempted analogy, and to set these false issues in their true light.

In the evening, the Lincoln funeral was the chief subject of remark. In the exordium of my speech on the W. I. Emancipation, I alluded to the difference in the degree of interest taken in the town in these two celebrations,—the one of the emancipation of near a million slaves; and the other, the obsequies of a young man who had fallen fighting the battles of Slavery. Mr. Pillsbury enlarged on this idea with much force and delicacy. Mr. Foster treated the whole affair with great severity, and was unmeasured in his reprobation of the business from beginning to end. And he did not hesitate to charge it upon the Democratic party, and especially upon the Chief Marshal, Mr. Davis, as a political manœuvre, for party purposes. He was listened to with profound attention, but without the faintest symptom of disapprobation. From which I infer, either that the Heart of the Commonwealth has become marvellously sound on the subject of Slavery, or that the ceremonial in question found favour in the eyes of but a small proportion of the inhabitants thereof. The meeting, altogether, seemed to give entire satisfaction to all concerned, and adjourned "in infinite content."

Since I wrote last, Death has been among us, and laid low two of the most revered and honoured heads in the Anti-Slavery ranks. SETH SPRAGUE, in the full ripeness of his plenteous years, has been garnered into his eternal rest. He made his old age a youth by the consecration of it to high and unselfish purposes. Though standing on the verge of ninety years, he was never old. Perfect fidelity, according to the measure of his light, to duty, and especially to that he owed to that great cause of human freedom, was the sovereign *elixir* that "brought a kind of rejuvenescence to his hoary head." From the days when his name was a kind of bugbear to the Federalist children of the Old Colony, down to the latest public act of his life, at the last New England Anti-Slavery Convention, when he repudiated the Union and the Constitution, which it had been the pride of his prime to build up and sustain, because he discerned them to be incompatible with human freedom, he was ever true to what appeared to him the pointings of public duty, and a high Patriotism. His venerable presence is passed away from amongst us, but his memory will abide with us, and cheer us unto the end.

More recently, we have been called upon to lay in the tomb, by the side of kindred and beloved dust, the remains of MRS. SARAH CHAPMAN, the relict of the venerable Henry Chapman, whose decease we recorded but a few months since. In the tranquil retirement in which it was her choice that her life should pass, her name may have escaped the general ear, even of the Anti-Slavery movement. But her influence extended far beyond the limits of her daily life. The wife, mother, and friend of Abolitionists, her cordial sympathy, and co-operation with them, even in the darkest days of the cause, when pro-slavery violence threatened even the sanctity of her own threshold, was a source of strength and encouragement, of which the blessed results cannot be estimated. In every other relation of life, the same pervading faithfulness to duty, made her an example and a model. The Mother of the Motherless, the Friend of the Friendless, the Helper of the Helpless, her life was a perpetual Benefaction. Her death was a fitting crown for such a life. Her end was Peace. D. Y.

Letter From Frederick Douglass—Mob at Harrisburg.

MY DEAR GAY:—I regret that my first letter for the Standard should be such an one as I am now about to write, and that I have to record facts which may create anxiety among the Anti Slavery friends in the East, on account of the safety of friend Garrison, and myself. We were last night confronted by a most brutal and disgraceful mob—the first fruits of our Western tour, a sort of foretaste of what may await us further West. To the everlasting shame, and infamy of the people of Harrisburg, I record the fact that they are at this moment under the dominion of mob law; that the freedom of speech and the right of peaceably assembling is cloven down; and that the officers appointed to preserve order and to protect the rights and privileges of the people, have basely, by their indifference, consented to this sacrifice to the Moloch of Slavery. Let this infernal act of devotion to tyranny be published and republished at home and abroad, in the New and in the Old World, that all may learn the true character of American freedom, and our republican love of law and order. But to the facts.

A meeting was convened in the court house of this town last night, to hear addresses on Slavery by Mr. Garrison and myself. At the time appointed Mr. Garrison was present, and commenced the meeting by a calm statement of facts respecting the character of Slavery and the slave power, showing in how many ways it was a matter deeply affecting the rights and interests of the Northern people. He spoke with little or no interruption for the space of an hour, and then introduced me to the audience. I spoke only for a few moments when through the windows was poured a volley of unmerchantable eggs, scattering the contents on the desk in which I stood, and upon the wall behind me, and filling the room with the most disgusting and stifling stench. The audience appeared alarmed, but disposed to stay, though greatly at the expense of their olfactory nerves. I, thinking I could stand it as well as my audience, proceeded with my speech, but in a very few moments we were interrupted and startled by the explosion of a pack of crackers, which kept up a noise for about a minute similar to the discharge of pistols, and being on the ladies' side, created much excitement and alarm. When this subsided, I again proceeded, but was at once interrupted again by another volley of addled eggs, which again scented the house with Slavery's choice incense. Cayenne pepper and Scotch snuff were freely used, and produced their natural results among the audience. I proceeded again and was again interrupted by another grand influx of rotten eggs, One struck friend Garrison on the back, sprinkling its *essence* all over his honoured head. At this point a general tumult ensued, the people in the house became much disturbed and alarmed, and there was a press toward the door way, which was completely wedged with people. The mob was now howling with fiendish rage. I could occasionally hear amid the tumult, fierce and bloody cries, "*throw out the nigger*, THROW OUT THE NIGGER." Here friend Garrison rose, with that calm and tranquil dignity, altogether peculiar to himself, and said—(speaking for himself and me.) Our mission to Harrisburg is ended. If there be not sufficient, love of liberty, and self respect in this place, to protect the right of assembling, and the freedom of speech, he would not degrade himself by attempting to speak under such circumstances and he would therefore recall the appointment for Sunday night, and go where he could be heard. The wise ones knew the meaning of his speech. They saw that the character of the town was about to be consigned to deserved infamy and one of their number, a thin, delicate looking man rose, much excited. It was Mr. Petrigen, a private Secretary of the Governor of the State. He said that he for one, wished to hear Messrs. Garrison and Douglass speak, but he must defend the character of the people of Harrisburg from the charge of mobocracy, brought against them by Mr. Garrison. Nobody was to blame, as nobody could prevent the mob. It consisted of blackguards; the people of Harrisburg had nothing to do with it, nor could they prevent it, and he hoped that that gentleman (alluding to Mr. Garrison) would not go away and slander the people by making them responsible for the mob. He would repeat it, the people had nothing to do with it, and they could not prevent it. Now all this was saying to the mob—go on, mob on, there is no power anywhere to prevent you. This infamous incitement to the mob, was nobly rebuked by a gentleman of great respectability of the name of Rawen. He said, he rose to defend Harrisburg from the charge of incapacity to quell a mob, and protect the right of speech. They could do it, and if they did not do so, it was because they did not choose to do so. He asked Mr. Petrigen where was the police? If they had not the power to disperse a few blackguards and boys? Mr. Garrison again rose and said, his remarks were entirely hypothetical, and if a meeting could be conducted with order and propriety he was quite willing to remain and hold, another meeting agreeable to public notice. In the midst of this discussion there was thrown in another volley of rotten eggs, and cries of "throw out the nigger, throw out the nigger," was repeated about the doors and windows of the house. It was now impossible to proceed with the meeting, and there being no attempt on the part of anybody to disperse the mob, Mr. Garrison announced the close of the meeting. The audience however remained for some time. Very few seemed willing to venture out; the doorway continued crowded and for a long time it was difficult to pass out at all. The stones now began to fly, a pile of which had been brought near the door, causing much trepidation for my safety. At this time a white lady kindly offered to walk with me and protect me, from the mob, I felt it best to decline her very disinterested offer, as I had good reason to believe that such an arrangement would exasperate the mob, and only enhance my danger. I finally took the arm of a coloured gentleman, Mr. Wolk, and several coloured friends filling up the rear, we walked out. As soon as I reached the steps I was discovered by the cowardly mob, who from their holes of darkness uttered infernal yells crying out "there he goes there he goes," and at the same time throwing stones, and brick-bats at me—one went humming by my head and another striking me on the back, but without doing me serious injury. "Give it to him, give it to him," they cried, "let the d—d nigger have it." Two friends behind me received heavy blows, one of them was quite stunned and bruised, but they stood around me and received the blows intended for me. I very soon succeeded in disengaging myself from the crowd and by turning a corner I succeeded in very soon eluding my pursuers, and thus saved myself. All credit is due to a few coloured friends who seemed willing and glad to be ramparts for me and to receive all the blows intended for me. Mr. Garrison was not discovered by the mob. My coming out first drew off the mob from the door before he came out I am happy to find he received no blows except the eggs, the stench of which was bad enough. Comment here, is unnecessary, the atrocious character of the proceedings is sufficiently palpable, and Harrisburg one day will be ashamed of it.

Friend Garrison and myself leave here to-morrow morning for Pittsburg, where we hope to meet with a more cordial welcome. In great haste, very sincerely yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Lament of Toussaint L'ouverture in the Dungeon of Beasancon. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); Relaxation of Law; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Decision of Judge Edwards in the Brazilian Slave-Case; Letter from Rev. Dr. Dewey; Anti-Slavery Meeting, Sabbath Afternoon. *Communications:* First of August Address at Canandaigua.

SECOND PAGE.—Seven days with Hathaway, Douglass, and Remond—Meetings at Port Byron, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, and Canandaigua.

Married,

At Boston, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Young, Mr. HERMAN MELVILLE, (Typee,) of New-York, to Miss ELIZABETH SHAW, daughter of Chief Justice Shaw, of Boston.

At Shelter Island, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, D. D. of Albany, EBEN N. HORSFORD, Rumford Professor in the University at Cambridge, to MARY GARDINER, daughter of Samuel S. Gardiner, Esq.

In Nantucket, Capt. PAUL WEST, to Miss LUCY SWAIN.

Died,

In this city, Capt. ELIHU S. BUNKER.

In Worcester, Miss MARY ANNE WILLARD, eldest daughter of Hon. Sidney Willard, of Cambridge, and principal female teacher in the Worcester Classical and English High School.

In Brighton, Mass. 6th instant, Capt. JONATHAN WINSHIP, extensively known throughout New England as an eminent Horticulturist.

In East Boston, Mrs. MEHITABLE STORY, aged 89, widow of the late Dr. Elisha Story, of Marblehead, and mother of the late Mr. Justice Story.

In Springfield, (Mass,) Mr. DAVID AMES, aged 87; for many years extensively engaged in the manufacture of paper.

In Portsmouth, N H. on Friday morning, a daughter of Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, aged 14 months.

At Economy, (Pa.) GEORGE RAPP, aged 92. He was the founder of the New Harmony Association, at the head of which he remained till his death.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Mexican News.

By an arrival at New Orleans, bringing Vera Cruz dates to the 2d instant, and Puebla to the 30th of July, we learn that the intelligence of the capture of the city of Mexico was premature. The Mexican capital may now be in the hands of the invaders, but it was not at the last accounts.

The negotiations of Mr. Trist seem to have failed, and the prospect of peace is as distant as ever.

A discussion has taken place between Santa Anna and Congress, as to their Constitutional rights. Each endeavours to throw the responsibility of making a peace upon the other.

General Items.

Pursuit of a Slave in New Jersey.—Two men from Maryland arrived last week at Port Elizabeth, Cumberland County, in search of a negro, who they alleged had run away from his master. After ascertaining his where abouts, they procured a warrant for his arrest, and put it into the hands of Mr. Mayhew, constable, and accompanied him in the service. They found the man at work in a corn field, who no sooner discovered his old acquaintances than he gave them leg bail; whereupon one of the men fired the contents of a six barrelled pistol at him, but more fortunately for himself than the runaway, he missed aim and the man got off.

The Bridgeton Chronicle very justly complains of the constable for permitting an attempt on human life to pass without arresting the author, who appears to have escaped and adds: "If he had killed the negro, he doubtless would have been hung according to the laws of our State. As it was, it was the duty of the constable to have arrested him at once, to answer the attempt upon life."—*Express.*

The recent arrest of a fugitive slave in Camden, and his being carried back to Maryland, has created some excitement among the Friends, who of course are strongly tinctured with abolition principles. The slave was named Joseph Dudley, and since his escape from his master, about a year since, had been living in the neighborhood of Camden, but the son of his master watching his opportunity on Saturday last seized the fugitive, hurried him into a carriage, and after carrying him as far as Bridgeton, (N. J.) transferred him across the river into the State of Delaware, avoiding in this way the risk of going through Pennsylvania.—*Cor. of Herald.*

A volunteer in the Massachusetts regiment, writing home to his friends in Newburyport, thus describes the horrors of war:—"One of the most horrible sights I ever saw, was when we passed through the dead men's road, as it is called, where the train was cut off last spring, a few days before the battle of Buena Vista.—There were men's bones, rotting carcases of men, cattle and horses, strewed thickly around, with here and there an arm, skull, &c.; with nothing to protect them but the deadly stench arising from them."—*Hingham Gazette.*

Colorphobia. Quite a Mistake.—A correspondent writes to us, telling rather a ludicrous mistake made by two persons in this city, a few Sabbaths ago. One of our clergymen had by exchange or otherwise a stranger in his desk, whose complexion was not the most delicate. One of the congregation immediately hastened out of the house, and meeting another, just about to enter, said,—"You may hear a nigger, if you please, but I wont." And lo! his eyes also rested upon the dark complexioned servant of God—the fit seized him, and they both went off together. In vain did the sexton expostulate, telling them that he was not a "nigger," but a white, respectable congregational clergyman. The testimony of their senses was not to be set aside, and away they went to worship "where light did not make *darkness* visible."—*Lowell Journal.*

Government Slaves.—*Key West*, July 20, 1847.—Government has slaves in employ on the public works at Tortugas. A few days since six of them took a small schooner tender and a boat and started, as was supposed, for the Bahamas. When about 90 miles from here to the Eastward, they being short of water, landed on Malacamba, and were captured by one of our wrecking vessel's crews, and brought to this port. They have been libelled for salvage.—*Cor. Com. Adv.*

Hon. Seth Sprague.—A writer in the Old Colony Memorial, says:

"He was born on the 4th of July, A. D. 1760, and had entered on his eighty-eighth year. He was a descendant in the paternal line of William Sprague and in the maternal line of Francies Sprague, who were among the earliest settlers in the Colony of Plymouth and Massachusetts. The farm on which he died was occupied by himself and his ancestors for more than two centuries. Eight children, and one hundred and seventy-five grandchildren survive him."

Education in the Slave States.—The Superintendent of the Public Schools in Kentucky stated, in a speech at Bowling Green, in that State, that, in two counties, not far distant from that place, it was ascertained, by an examination in the clerk's office, that more than one-half of the males who had married in those counties, within the year 1843, and had executed their marriage bonds, had made their *mark, instead of singing their names; and that also one-half of their securities in those bonds were not able to write.*—[Herald of Prairie.

NOTICES.

GENESEE AND LIVINGSTGN COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Islan, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

North Bergen, Genesee County,	September	1	and 2
East Bergen,	"	3	" 4
Elba,	"	5	" 6
Pine Hill,	"	7	" 8
Oakfield,	"	8	" 10
Pembroke,	"	11	" 12
East Bethany,	"	13	" 14
Pavillion,	"	15	
East Avon, Livingston County,	"	18	" 19
Caledonia,	"	20	" 21
Fowlersville,	"	22	" 23
Cuylersville,	"	24	" 25
Lakeville,	"	26	" 27
Livonia,	"	28	" 29
South Livonia,	" September	30 and Oct.	31.

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND and J. C. HATHAWAY will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follow:—

MONROE COUNTY.

Churchville, Friday and Saturday,	August	6th and 7th

CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.

Fredonia, Tuesday and Wednesday,	"	17th and 18th
Westfield, Thursday and Friday,	"	19th and 20th
Sherman, Saturday and Sunday,	"	21st and 22d
Dewittville, Tuesday and Wednesday,	"	24th and 25th
Jamestown, Thursday and Friday,	"	26th and 27th
Busti, Saturday and Sunday,	"	28th and 29th

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY.

Conewango, Tues. and Wednes.	"	31st and Sept. 1st

CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.

Ellington, Thursday and Friday,	September	2d and 3d
Cherry Creek, Saturday and Sunday	"	4th and 5th

ERIE COUNTY.

Lodi, Tuesday and Wednesday,	"	7th and 8th
Boston, Thursday and Friday,	"	9th and 10th
Buffalo, Sunday,	"	12th

The above meetings will commence at 2 o'clock, and 7 o'clock, P. M.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
FARMINGTON, 8 mo. 1847. *Gen. Agt. for N. Y.*

TOUR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AND JAMES N. BUFFUM,
Through the State of New-York.

These friends of the SLAVE have kindly consented to spend a few weeks in this State on their way home from Ohio. I give this early notice of their intentions, that every individual may make arrangements to be at one or more of the Conventions which they will attend.

It is unnecessary to urge, or even earnestly invite any one to go. The bare announcement of the names of GARRISON, DOUGLASS, and BUFFUM, will secure an overwhelming audience anywhere in the Empire State. Unless prevented by sickness or accident, they will attend Conventions as follows:—at

BUFFALO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each day.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday and Friday, September 16th and 17th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Friday.

FARMINGTON.—On Sunday, September 19th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

CANANDAIGUA.—On Monday, September 20th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WATERLOO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21st and 22d, commencing, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday.

AUBURN.—On Thursday, September 23d, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SYRACUSE.—On Friday, September 24th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WEST WINFIELD.—On Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th, commencing on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

LITTLE FALLS.—On Monday and Tuesday, September 27th and 28th, commencing on Monday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday.

ALBANY.—On Wednesday, September 29th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Several other distinguished speakers will be present at all the Conventions, and

CHARLES LENOX REMOND will be at BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, FARMINGTON, and CANANDAIGUA.

E. D. HUDSON and LEWIS HAYDEN will be at WEST WINFIELD and LITTLE FALLS.

Will the friends in the different places make early and ample arrangements, and let the notice be extended far and wide by handbills and otherwise, so that no individual shall miss the rare opportunity for want of notice.

Will the local papers please copy the foregoing notice, so far as their particular localities are concerned?

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent for the State of New-York
FARMINGTON, 7th mo. 1847.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It is proposed to hold a Fair, to aid the cause of emancipation, at the time and place of the next anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and the object of this circular is to invite all, to assist in preparing for that occasion, who are the foes of oppression—who desire that our country shall be redeemed from the rule of tyrants—who wish to break the yoke of the captive, and to repel the aggressions which Slavery is making upon our own rights. Whether the contributions shall be worthy of the cause—worthy the high professions of those who stand forth as the friends of liberty, may greatly depend, reader, upon your efforts. Are you willing to contribute of your abundance or your penury? are you willing to stimulate others to do good works, and unite with them to bring your neighborhood offering, and lay it upon the altar of humanity? If you have neither silver nor gold, are you willing to consecrate a portion of what you *do* possess to this cause? Let the farmer and his wife bring grain and wool, brooms and baskets, cloth, and other manufactured articles—let the dairymaid come with her cheese and butter, and the miller with his flour—let the hatter and tinner, the saddler and shoemaker, present such needful things as their several handicrafts can furnish—let the merchant contribute liberally of his stock, and those who are skillful with the needle, bring such useful and fancy articles as their ingenuity may devise.

The proceeds of this Fair will be appropriated to the support of the Anti-Slavery movement in the West, either by placing them at the disposal of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, or applying them, by direction of the donors, to some branch of this reform, in harmony with the views of that society.

The cause for which we ask you to labour is one which is fraught with the deepest interest to millions of our race—it meets with favour from the virtuous and the good, and is approved of by the Father of the oppressed. We affectionately invite you to share the toil and reward of this work—we appeal to you in the name of MAN, robbed and outraged—we ask you to be true to the instincts of your better nature, and to prove by your actions that you appreciate the blessings of liberty and the safe-guards of virtue.

Betsey M. Cowles, Austinburg,
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Jane D. McNealy, Greene,
Mary Donaldson, do.
Matilda S. Howell, Painesville,
Susan Marshall, do.
Maria L. Giddings, Jefferson,
Mercy Lloyd, Lloydsville,
Mary Ann Bronson, Medina,
Phebe Ann Carroll, Ravenna,
Martha J. Tilden, do.
Ruth Dugdale, Green Plain,
Elizabeth Borton, Selma,
Maria Whitmore, Andover,
Sarepta Brown, New Lyme,
Eliza Cowles, Geneva,
Zilpah Barnaby, Mt. Union,
Harriet N. Torrey, Parkman,
Elizabeth A. Stedman, Randolph,
Cordelia Smalley do.
Elizabeth Butterworth Hopkinsville,
Ann Walker, Leesville,
Mary Griswold, New Garden,
Eliza Holmes, Columbiana,
Leah Voglesong, do.
Anna C. Fuller, Brooklyn,
Cornelia R. Cowles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Laura Barnaby, Salem,
J. Elizabeth Jones. do,

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847-8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the regeneration of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent, though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strength

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LAMENT OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

IN THE DUNGEON OF BESANCON.

The light of morn has come once more.
It pierces through the dungeon's gloom,
And resteth on the cold damp floor;
O blessed Light! tho' in a living tomb—
I hail thee! tho' thou bring'st to me
Another day of woe and misery;
Tho' Hope, angelic Hope, no more
May shake from off her drooping wings
The dew-drops of the night, and soar
To meet thee:—fount! from whence all springs
Of bright and beautiful in this world of ours;—
The waving trees, the mellow fruits, the flowers,
And more, far more of glorious things than these;
But what are they all now to me?
My own bright isle! my home beyond the sea!
They all have flown, and left me only thee,—
Thou blessed Light! Would I could once more feel
The warm free breezes o'er my senses steal;—
Methinks 't would melt, ay, melt away,
The very weight, which day by day
Has rested on my spirit, 'till the gloom
And dampness of the dungeon, like a tomb
Seems closing round me. Oh! the agony—
The restless, longing, craving,—to be free:—
Free, as the mountain peaks, which rise,
Upward, still upward, to the clear cold skies;—
Free and unfetter'd, as the Southern breeze,—
Which wafts strange music thro' the orange-trees
Of my own bright land. Oh! but to tread once more.
To feel upon my own blue mountains,
To see the soft blue heavens bending o'er
Me, and the silvery fountains
Gushing and sparkling at my feet,—
Oh! but again to greet
Their cooling freshness, and to lave
My fever'd brain in the bright wave.
To feel that *they* once more were near,
They, the beloved; where are they now?
Wife of my bosom! and ye children dear!
Alas! I feel upon my burning brow,
The last fond kiss,—that it should be the *last*;—
Like shipwreck'd mariner, to a quivering mast;—
To me you clung, hopeless in your despair;
I see you now, all pale, and tearful there,
Breathing the last adieu,—it cannot be,—
'T was not the last,—*I will be free!*

Vain hopes, vain dreams, while thou
The sceptre of the world hath grasp'd,
Nations and kings before thee bow'd—
Yielding all memories of the past
At thy dread summons, ay! 't were well to have—
Blest Freedom's memory in oblivion's wave,—
Since they are slaves, kissing thy sovereign feet:—
Alas! I too have trusted thee, and in my power
Deem'd that as brothers, we might meet;—
Would that a voice had warned me of this hour:—
Yet if the victor's car still garland'd be,
What were a *world* of breaking hearts to thee?
A breaking heart! O! God of Heaven!
Thou, Thou! alone hast power to see
How my whole being, heart and soul, have striven
For thy free gift—our birthright—Liberty!
Was it all vain? lives there no trace
Of hallow'd Freedom in all Afric's race?
Bows he beneath his chains, as servilely now,
As tho' the mountain breeze ne'er swept his brow,
A freeman? Thus may it be,—and yet—
Not all in vain this struggling to be free:—
Tho' age on age may roll, and he forget
While groaning 'neath the lash of tyranny
Where now he toils,—a purple tide,—
Told where his fathers, fought and died!

And yet not all in vain, Father of Light.
The sacred flame of Freedom, shall not be
Quenched in the gloom of Slavery's night—
Its power and glory sprang from Thee!
It shall not die, life may depart,
The sod lie on this breaking heart:
Yet as the weary soul shall then arise
To the pure light of Heaven-born skies,
So shall there be on earth, a jubilee
Of nations,—*Afric's sons shall yet be free.*

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning of a day, soon succeeding that on which the foregoing incidents took place, Vincent conducted Helen from the Cape, unquiet as it was, and rent by so many passions, to Rouge Morne, where he possessed a pretty estate of his own, near which was a fine plantation, once the property of de Charmilly, and now rented of the Government by Vincent. He was seated now with Helen in one of those vehicles usual in that country, a sort of covered gig, which hung low between two high wheels, and was drawn by a single powerful horse. A couple of mounted servants trotted behind them, and they proceeded towards the green heights, where the plantations, again restored to order, presented the most promising appearance.

The young lady appeared depressed and silent, giving to the inquiries and remarks of her husband, answers so brief and unsatisfactory, or so entirely wide of the mark, that Vincent observed at last, with a smile: "You are certainly angry with me for taking you away again so soon from the Cape, but I have my reasons, or, as Toussaint says, I know well what I am doing; for at the Cape, things may easily happen, with which a woman has nothing to do, and then certain people are there, whose appearance only strengthen my determination."

"Blanca and Jumecourt," said Helen.

"And what I said about them both, yesterday," continued Vincent, "I can only repeat to-day. It is inconceivable that so many sufferings, and so much experience, should not have given that enthusiast some common sense. She sought your neighbourhood, dear Helen, but we must deny ourselves altogether the honour of her society."

"And yet," said Helen, with a gentle and threatening smile, "you have not always judged so harshly of Blanca."

"I suppose," replied the Colonel, "de Borel has been taking the malicious pleasure of telling you some stories, but what can she tell you more than I have already confessed to you? Blanca's austere virtue did make a deep impression upon me, and God only knows whither it would have led me, if it had not been for that horrible day when her patriotism belied every feeling of humanity. Keep yourself, my love, from this Creole, she is as false as she is beautiful, just like the snake that first fascinates us with its bright colours, and then stings us."

"And you," said Helen, "you are going back to the Cape?"

"At the call of duty, solely," replied Vincent. "You know what a difficult business is put upon me, and how the General-in-Chief has just now honoured me with the disagreeable task of vindicating his views to Hedouville, who will take the information I give him, as a sick man nauseous medicine. But why are you so sad?" added he.

"I am thinking," said Helen, with a smile, "how many snakes, with bright colours, are lying in wait for you at the Cape, and I fear you will get stung."

Vincent burst into a laugh, as he turned, with a hearty kiss to his wife, who received it with the slightest possible resistance. "I see de Borel in that," said he. "She has really made you jealous, and has designs upon us. To me, she spoke of Jumecourt, and seemed to take a pleasure in endeavouring to persuade me that you were not wholly indifferent to him. But I crossed her purpose in my way, and I suspect the fair lady will now have another reason for meditating revenge."

"For Heaven's sake, provoke her not," said Helen, anxiously. "She is powerful, and people say a good deal about her, and she might easily use her influence with Toussaint to your injury."

Vincent knit his brow in gloomy folds, and urged on the horse. "Never fear," he replied, in a whisper, "whatever may happen, this woman is too powerless to rule the strong spirit that will free itself at the right time from her fetters. But, nevertheless, it may happen that even my stay here will come to an end, and then de Borel may pursue all her schemes, although one of them will certainly fail."

"You will go back to France," cried Helen, in a rapture. "O! good Heaven, could it so happen, how happy should I be. With a right heavy heart did I leave it. It always was, as if an invisible force would keep me there, as if a voice said to me: 'Go not from thy native land, for thou wilt never return.' And so will it even be," said she, sighing sadly. "I shall wither and die upon this burning soil. O, only too soon will all my dreams be fulfilled."

"I hear the old song," said Vincent, rather harshly. "These sentimental death-notes lose all their melody when one is entertained with them so continually as I am. How canst thou weep so," he continued, too much in the tone of speaking to a child.—"You know how much I love you, and if I could, how gladly I would fulfil your wishes. If you are so afraid, why, then, start off, go to Paris, and falsify your own predictions."

Helen looked at him mournfully. "Has it gone so far with us," said she, "that you can send me away from you? I will not leave thee, no, not to escape the bitterest death."

"It would be intolerable to me, too," said he, tenderly, "how could I live here, pray, a whole year in the desert, without seeing you. How could I endure to torture myself so!"

"And how will it be," said she, much moved, "when it shall come that you must pass a whole life without me?"

Vincent cast upon her a look of vexation, but when he saw her countenance so full of sorrow, and her eyes filled with tears, his irritation was lost in tenderness. He kissed her, and laid her hand upon his breast. "My poor child," said he. "Thy tender little heart will learn nothing from the hard time. From how many dangers have we not escaped! O! only keep up a good heart, and that ghost of our life, death, will not disturb us in our brief happiness on earth. Let us hold fast to the treasure of the past, for then I feel that I am of the happy ones.—The aim of my life is realized. I have struggled for thy possession, and gained thee. I have fought for my principles, and the victory is everywhere mine. How rich and beautiful have my days been already! Upon the roughest paths how often have I been suddenly met by love, by an angel, by thee, my Helen. Like a good-hearted Samaritan, you have blessed me in the desert, and in your love given me a new spring of life."

A smile of delight rested on Helen's features, as she said: "You are, indeed, right; I am a silly creature, always fearing, always trembling, lest a tornado should ruin my flowers. The uncomfortable thought will not quit me, that my happiness on earth cannot last. But de Borel is a genuine Creole, for she has really increased my anxieties by her malicious remarks. She even said——"

She was interrupted by Vincent, who pointed to the top of the hill, where a body of men appeared in sight. Their weapons glanced in the sun. "We are coming upon a division," said he, "destined to reinforce the camp at St. Nicholas. I always like to see these black soldiers, they are so skilful and well-trained, and amidst the greatest disadvantages are evidently advancing towards civilization and reconciliation with their former masters."

"And I," replied Helen, "can never entirely reconcile myself to their black colour. There is something so strange and repulsive in it, that I feel a sort of horror. I have found good men among them, and many I love and honour, but, nevertheless, I cannot say that I have wholly conquered my dislike of their skin."

"That comes," said Vincent, "from a hereditary instinct, as you belong to a planter's family, which always made much of the black colour, but only to change it into gold. Your cousin, Jumecourt, however, appears to have got rid of this peculiarity, for he has struck up, it seems, quite a tender friendship with General Moses, who appears, strange to say, quite pleased with it."

"Moses," said Helen, "belongs also to our enemies. He is an untamed spirit, but yet, in his wildness, full of pride and nobleness. But Jumecourt—I cannot think of him, without fear—his friendship is false. He cannot forget that he lost the game with us."

"But fortunately," cried Vincent, smiling, "he possesses no power to injure us. O! there is much to come from this Creole. The mask of liberty under which he is acting his farce, as a raving republican, belongs to his part, but by and by he will be hissed off as a bad player."

The body of negroes had now approached nearer, and the long column wound down the hill. Vincent soon recognized it as the fifth Colonial regiment, commanded by General Moses. It appeared to be composed of picked men, mostly of gigantic stature. The display was truly warlike, and although their dress consisted only of a jacket, an apron, and a cap, many wearing them as almost the only clothes of their naked bodies, yet a military air was throughout plainly visible. As to their civilized manners, and the propriety of their deportment, of which Vincent had boasted, these troops, however, appeared to be an exception. Whether it was that they did not recognize the intimate friend of the Commander-in-Chief in his planter's dress, or that the temptation to insult him was too strong, at the sight of a white man—Vincent was every moment the object of their derision and contempt. They called out to him in offensive language, threw stones and fruits into the vehicle, and so frightened the already startled horse by their cries, that he ran right into the midst of the throng, that filled the road, threw down and injured several, but was at last checked by many hands, while a furious crowd were raising their weapons against the driver.

The latter had, in the meanwhile, taken the very best way to enforce due respect from the negroes. While he threatened them with the name of the Commander-in-Chief, and his servant called out that it was General Vincent, who was here insulted, he laid about him so vigorously with his whip, that those at least got out of the way, who were about to assault the carriage. He then sprang out, and ran to an officer, who stood looking on, with an exulting grin, at the violence committed by his men.—"Wretch," cried Vincent, "is it thus that you discharge the duties to which the General appointed you!" And without thinking, he struck the fellow in his face with his fist.

Almost at the same instant appeared several horsemen, who broke into the circle. In his excitement, Vincent saw only General Moses, who, as it seemed to Vincent, inquired, with a contemptuous smile, after the cause of this disturbance.

"The sole cause," said Vincent, highly excited, "lies in the bad discipline of this regiment. The complaints which have gone to the Commander-in-Chief for some months past, can now be corroborated by my testimony, but these things must be altered, and an end be put to such conduct."

Moses rode menacingly up to him. "Who dares," he cried, "to take me to task in a way in which the Commander-in-Chief would hardly dare to do? A white, a man, who indeed wears a sword at his side, but knows best how to fight with the pen."

"This lie," replied Vincent, struggling with his wrath, "I can prove to you at any moment."

Before Moses could rejoin, his companion pressed in between the disputants. It was Jumecourt, who took the part of mediator. "Cousin Vincent," said he, "(permit me, dear friend, to greet you with the title of a kinsman,) judge not too severely; and you, my friend Moses, it cannot be you will add another insult to that which General Vincent has already received here? General Vincent, your just indignation has carried you too far, confess it now, and you, Moses, I believe I speak your mind, when I pray my cousin to forgive your rash word, and to take your hand in token of full reconciliation."

At this proposal, Moses bore himself somewhat like a young tiger when one clips his claws. His eye flashed with the hatred which struggled in vain with prudence. He was fully aware that Jumecourt's counsel was wise, that Vincent, if he were allowed to depart unreconciled, and prefer his complaint against him, would only bring the storm to a head, which had long been gathering over him. Reluctant, and with a violent struggle, he extended the hand, which Jumecourt seized firmly. Vincent laid his hand in it with a smile, and Helen, who, sunk in the corner of the carriage, observed this termination of the strife, could not help adding her congratulations.

She suddenly sprang out with unusual alacrity, and as she laid her small hand upon each, she lost all the natural timidity of her character, and the fear of Jumecourt, in the credulous idea that Vincent might now, by an enduring reconciliation, forever convert these his enemies, into friends.

"I see at last," said she, in a voice trembling with pleasure, "one of my fondest wishes unexpectedly fulfilled. My old, valued friend, Moses, offers his hand to my husband; I bless the bond, and hope it may gain strength, and prosper."

"Then," said Jumecourt, seizing their united hands with fervour, "be it my care to strengthen these bonds, and to promote this alliance. So take me, friends, into this partnership, and let the past be forgotten forever."

Upon Moses, this solemn treaty of peace made a deep impression. He stood like one enchanted before the being to whom he was ever attracted with absorbing passion; even when he tried to persuade himself that he despised and hated her. As her hand touched his, he felt as if an electric stream, darted into his inmost heart, and shivered into a thousand pieces. Even after she had ceased speaking, and Jumecourt was speaking for her, he gazed dreamily at her beautiful face, and then pressed his lips to her hand, which he still firmly grasped, and his strong frame thrilled and trembled with all the fiery passion of the African. Gently he let her hand drop, and an indescribable expression of melancholy flitted across his bold, youthful features. His head was bowed, and he seemed to be reflecting upon something, the truth of which had struck him suddenly, like a flash of lightning. When he drew himself up again, there was visible in his eye, an anguish, which challenged respect, and sympathy, and with a gentleness which he had, perhaps, never before manifested in his life, he again extended his hand to Vincent, begging him to forgive what had happened, and even to decide what punishment should be inflicted on those of his men who had insulted him.

Gladly did Vincent forgive the poor creatures who stood trembling at a little distance, and who were much less guilty than those who ceased not to cherish in secresy the hatred of colour. Vincent knew more fully than most, that Moses himself was the soul of secret intrigues, that his contempt of the system of farming established by Toussaint was equaled only by his hatred of the whole white race, and Vincent resolved on the spot to carry Moses home to his estate, with the hope that a sight of the new arrangements would reconcile him to the system.—Vincent knew, also, how much Toussaint valued this brave, wild nephew of his, and admired his military talents. But Vincent esteemed Moses, too, for his own sake, and wished, if possible, to cure him of the prejudices which separated them from one and another. When he proposed to the young General to take a little circuit, and accompany him to Vincent's house, he feared a refusal. And at first Moses appeared to hesitate between a wish to accept the proposal, and a feeling of distrust, and other emotions, but when he saw an inviting smile in Helen's eyes, and when Jumecourt joined his unasked-for solicitations, he accepted the invitation. The command of the regiment was transferred to the oldest officer, and in a few moments the little cavalcade were on their way into the hills, where the beautiful valley of Rouge Morne soon opened before them.

The horsemen rode on each side of the carriage, conversing on various topics, Jumecourt taking the lead, and only when the road was at times too narrow, the riders fell behind. The Creole availed himself of these occasions to whisper to Moses hints, and words of sinister import, which received no answer, and hardly any notice.

At last, they rode through a grove of palms into a shaded avenue, where jasmines and rosewood trees formed hedges, which alternated at regular distances with citron and lemon trees, or pomegranates, figs, and flowering myrtles. Gently rising, the avenue led to a small eminence, upon which stood the house, enclosed with aged trees, from whose crowning shade, it looked forth with its clear jalousies and balcony, like a temple of peace and happiness. The plantation spread itself far out through the valley. Here stood the young coffee trees, with their white and red blossoms, spreading along the well-tended, apparently interminable rows, an aroma, sweeter and stronger than that of the orange-blossoms. Large fields were seen planted with sweet potatoes, melons, Caribbean cabbages, and many-coloured beans; and various trees and bushes hung laden with fruits, and everywhere groups of persons appeared in light-coloured jackets, short aprons, and broad straw hats, busily engaged in labour. Their songs resounded through the morning air, and their merry laughter. One could see in their robust forms, their perfect health, and good keeping, as they occasionally leaped about in play, or hastened at a call to their respective labours. When the clattering of the horses' hoofs, and the voices of the travellers reached them, they all paused an instant, and a universal shout hailed Massa Vincent. Servants sprang forward of their own accord, to open the door of the house, or to seize and kiss the hand or the garments of their master. Their laughing faces expressed the heartiest joy. Their answers were ready and intelligent, and the news of the arrival must have spread like a glad tidings, for out of the little village of huts inhabited by the labourers, which lay around the plantation as its boundary—every hut surrounded by its little garden and orchard, no wall anywhere visible, no grim bloodhound, no hand armed with a whip—there started a true race of naked little creatures, who ran toward the house with the cry: "Massa! Madame!"

The cool saloon of the lower story was thrown open, and it revealed, amidst entire simplicty, the taste and opulence of its master. The service, in which the fruits, wines, and viands were set out, were indeed only in small part of silver and gold, unlike the other planters, but the guilt porcelain, from Paris, was far more beautiful. The mirrors, chandeliers, and furniture, which Vincent, on his last return from France, had brought with him, were all beautifully selected, and with fine taste had the graceful hand of a lady, who had been brought up in France, and who evidently loved what was truly beautiful, made its arrangements here.

Moses had suddenly lost all the violence of his usual manner. He followed his host as in a dream through the house. When they stepped out of it, the throng of little children raised a shout and a dance, that did not cease till their hands were filled with fruits and eatables. The beautiful white lady jested playfully with the delighted little ones, and then extended her hand to a young negress who came by with a sick infant, and gave her a little present. In the same kind manner Vincent talked with the men, and in every eye one might read affection and dependence so plainly that Moses and Jumecourt were both filled with astonishment, and this feeling was only increased when they went through the packing and ware-house. The liveliest industry reigned everywhere, and what immense stores were here heaped up! Riches, which were not gathered with sighs and tears, for amidst all the toil, even the hardest, one might hear the voice of merriment and of those measured cries with which the blacks, when in good humour, are accustomed to accompany their labours. To testify their love and reverence at the appearance of their master, was for many quite a reward; overseers and labourers were ready and yet modest in their answers. The mean and false spirit of Slavery had vanished, and a sense of human worth, the consciousness of freedom, and of a happy condition awoke in the breasts of those long despised beings; they began to distinguish, to think, and to love as benefactors those whom, in unthinking dread, they had regarded with the shyness of a wild animal.

As Vincent related to his guests how everything was arranged and ordered, how these labourers, united in free companies, received for their labour wages according to their industry, how they mutually encouraged and punished each other, how they rose according to their intelligence, taking charge of a portion of the estate, or a certain number of trees, or hiring under-assistants, so that all were connected, and every one had to rest his hopes on his carefulness, his industry, and a good harvest. As Vincent stated these details, he was often interrupted by Helen, who added certain illustrations of the system, which her activity furnished. A number of the most intelligent children had been collected by her in a small school, and with unwearied pains, she had contrived to introduce many rudiments of useful knowledge into most of these unpromising heads.—As she told of these things, and pointed out to the guests some of the most distinguished of these little ones, as her eye sparkled, and her countenance brightened with pleasure and the secret hope that love and peace would henceforth strike even deeper roots into the hearts of men, her observations were taken up and carried out by Jumecourt with an eager animation which was fitted to throw contempt upon them, as he wrought them up in his new republican way, and this, it was easy to see, was done to flatter Moses, and to give himself the appearance of a zealous lover of freedom.

But now and then, in spite of all his pains to conceal them, his real thoughts broke forth, and though he sought immediately to disguise them, he was not able wholly to refrain from spiteful remarks.

"By my faith!" cried he, "how this plantation has changed since I saw it! I remember right well many visits which I used to make here. My uncle, Charmilly, valued it much—he will be astonished when he learns in Grand-Anse, where the mulattoes have burned down everything, that his estate here is in such beautiful order."

"The national estates," said Vincent, with significance, "will all be improved by the new system."

"But not all like this," replied Jumecourt. "Just go where Dessalines, or Petit-Michel, or Labretfonière, or some one else has the oversight. There, too, indeed, the blacks have to work briskly, but whips and gallows are more active even than ever, and in many places I would not undertake to take the vote whether this new Freedom or the old Slavery were the best. I fear that the majority of hands would be raised for the old Government of the Massas."—The scornful laugh with which these remarks were accompanied, gave way immediately to an extravagant encomium on freedom. "What would I give," cried he, at last, "if our uncle could only walk round with us here, and see us all so united and so happy together."

"This hope," replied Helen, "I have never wholly given up. My efforts at reconciliation have, indeed, all failed; my letters have received no answers, but could I only see him once, face to face, and throw my arms round his neck, my voice would reach his heart—he would not be implacable."

"Surely not," said Moses, with growing warmth. "He could not, and he should not; I would force him to better thoughts."

This gallantry was as natural and unforced as it was striking, and Jumecourt, who saw the quick look which Vincent cast upon the General, said, laughing, "My good friend, you do not know Venant de Charmilly—the worse our affairs grew, the more obstinate did the old man become, and he who was always preaching caution and prudence, was not to be induced to practice them himself. Only too certain is it," he continued, "that the views at which I have arrived, will exasperate his spirit still more. He has driven you from his heart, and now there is no room there for me either. So isolated has the old man become through his unbridled ambition, which alas! has lost us everything that we possessed."

Although Jumecourt spoke with apparent sorrow, yet his pain was visibly as false as his pleasure, and the allusions which he made only increased a feeling of repugnance towards him in the bosom of Helen. She could hardly command herself, when he seized her hand, exclaiming, with a smile, "I must kiss them at least once more, these beautiful fingers, which must not be mine because a more fortunate one has torn them from me. What struggles has it cost me, what have I not suffered, how much distress and pain have we cost each other! Now, that time has settled and ordered all, I must, after much suffering, seek another lot. I hope to find now, that my dear Helen is happy."

"Indescribably happy," said she, "although amidst cares and sorrows which can hardly fail, amidst the convulsions of the Island, to await the wife of a soldier."

Vincent had left the party, who returned towards the house through the plantation, and had gone to some labourers who were engaged in cleansing the trees. With a look of encouragement to Moses, Jumecourt turned to join the master of the plantation.

He paused and awaited Vincent, who, somewhat surprised, saw him leaning against one of the supports of the trees, and then followed with a sudden look, Helen and Moses. "I wish to speak with you, my dear cousin Vincent," said Jumecourt, "and as I fear I shall get no other opportunity, I pray you grant me some moments here."

The Colonel answered with a cold politeness, which, however, Jumecourt allowed to pass unnoticed. "First of all," said he, "may I certainly hope that we have both forgotten everything that used formerly to separate us. You have carried off the victory. I have learned to think, and feel otherwise. We are no longer rivals, but I am a supplicant, who knocks at your door, and way-worn, stretches out his hand for reconciliation."

He grasped Vincent's hand. "Be convinced," said the Colonel, "that all ill-feeling has died away within me long ago, and that I will gladly do everything to prove it to you."

Jumecourt once more expressed his lively satisfaction, and then continued: "By your connection with Helen, you are one of my nearest and dearest relatives, to whom I will open my whole heart with the greatest confidence. I have been for some time cured of many prejudices of my youth and education, but the great change has been brought about in me, most singularly, through a woman, yes, cousin, through Blanca Blanchelande, who has come to me like an angel, and offered to me a new future."

Vincent measured him with a look of astonishment, that contended with the expression of chilling coldness which he had worn. "And Blanca!" said he.

"Blanca applauds the principles upon which my new life is built; she has promised to be my guide, my companion, and to share with me my whole earthly lot."

"And you," said Vincent, "you love the stern partisan of the Robespierres and Marats?"

"I love the inspired friend of liberty, the singular and beautiful maiden, whom, formerly I used to join so often in ridiculing and despising. I have confessed all to her, nothing has been kept back from her; her keen eye has penetrated every recess of my heart; but now when in this unquiet time, I propose to provide for my condition in life, I must necessarily trouble myself about things, which, otherwise were indifferent and hateful to me. They have taken from me all my property—the estates of my uncle also are lost, and what Blanca possessed, too. Yet why do I tell you this! I wish to learn from you, cousin, what is to be hoped. You are the Commander-in-Chief's right hand; your word is a talisman. We are both heirs of Charmilly—just obtain for us Blanca's inheritance in the North, and my plantations at St. Marc's, and I will give up all claim to anything which belongs to Charmilly."

The cold and discouraging terms in which Vincent replied, had as little effect upon Jumecourt, as the assurance with which they were accompanied, that the influence of the Colonel was not so great as his relative imagined. "Of course!" Vincent added, "Toussaint L'ouverture does not lack the power to give you back what once belonged to you, but the law is against it, and even your presence at the Cape is an exception to the rule."

"An exception which I will deserve to have made in my favour," returned Jumecourt, proudly, "and which, I trust I have already merited."

"Your services," said Vincent, with an expression of contempt, which he could not suppress, "be they what they may be, will in no case pass unacknowledged by the Commander-in-Chief. No one is more grateful, but no one possesses a greater knowledge of men. Hope not too confidently."

"Help me only a little. Open a path for me," answered the Creole. "Give over to me something, this plantation for example, the small part of Charmilly's estate, and so brighten our prospects, and we will be your thankful and true friends."

"This plantation!" cried Vincent, with mingled amazement and anger. "I have created it anew out of the wilderness, and made it an asylum of happiness. Here is spent a part of my best life, here is a hope which I cannot give up."

"A property which once belonged to me by sacred right," returned the Creole, "and was wrested from me, and upon which my claims are inextinguishable."

"This declaration tells more than your whole apparent conversion," said Vincent, with bitterness. "You think to get back again your lost estate, with the hand of Blanca; but take care, the sword still has its point, turn it not against your breast."

"I cannot quite understand this dark speech," said Jumecourt, "but if you mean that I am deceiving Blanca, myself, and the power that rules here, you are mistaken in every point. To give an account of myself, to vindicate my course, to contradict your opinion of me, which, I see, is in nothing changed, I do not feel myself called. Let us forget our conversation. I see, I must go my own way, and I hope that a time will come, when you will think otherwise and better of me. In silence they proceeded together; they were soon in the vicinity of the house, and Jumecourt had again regained all his composure, while Vincent was vexed with himself for having rudely and sternly repulsed a man, who certainly appeared to be in a distressed condition.—A noble heart is always ready to show the utmost generosity to enemies, even when it sees their worthlessness, instead of repaying them in a feeling of its power, with injuries. Vincent turned, therefore, again to Jumecourt, and said: "Gladly will I resign myself to the belief that you mean seriously by us in your proposals, cousin. Pardon my doubts, and let us part as friends. What I can do for you, shall be done, without further entreaties. If I withhold this plantation from you, yet I shall be happy to serve you elsewhere. In the meanwhile, your affairs shall be my concern, and all that I possess of my own, what little ready money I can command, is at your service."

Jumecourt pressed the offered hand. "Hearty thanks," replied he, "this is a true satisfaction and reconciliation, but I decline your offer. My means are not wholly exhausted, it is enough that you call me friend, and show your confidence. I will go my way, and you shall have reason to be satisfied with me."

They awaited under the trees, the approach of Moses, who was just directing a servant to get ready their horses. With unusual animation he approached Vincent. "How happy you are," cried he. "Here all is good and beautiful, all is full of joy and peace, all live for you and love you; how am I not touched at such a sight! I have often misconceived you, Citizen Vincent; from the day I first saw you, fate has placed us in opposition to each other. My uncle, who esteems you so highly, is right, what you have proposed was wise, but it is all ruined, the blessing is everywhere turned into a curse, where ambition and the love of gain mingle; O! If all were as it is here, I would open my heart."

"My dear General," replied Vincent, "let not this good hour go by without fruit. Your uncle loves you with paternal affection, and builds upon you the greatest hopes. How happy it makes me to know that you are so friendlily disposed towards me, but I should be happier still, if you followed his will entirely."

"Like a child," cried the youthful black, with sudden passion." Yes he loves those who know only his will; all are tools in his hand.

"But to this hand," returned Vincent, "belongs a head, that can think for many."

"He is great," said Moses, with emphasis. "He has made all little who have contended with him, the Spaniards, the republicans, the English, and the mulattoes. He fears no one any more; he can do everything; he is God, that believes he; and where he points the finger, there it lightens, and all dies, or awakens to new life. Well, I know him. Yes, Citizen Vincent, I know this greatness which you all adore, I too bow before it, but he is a man like me, my will is also a will; my heart, my happiness, is not his property, which he may dispose of, my brethren must not be slaves whom a bloody-minded creature, a Dessalines whips to death, and he laughs and says: so it must be, Dessalines is my arm; the people must die, they will daily be born anew."

"You know," replied Vincent, that General Dessalines has the oversight of a department, occupied principally by the Congo blacks who can be induced to labour only by the greatest severity."

"They are men," cried Moses, with a noble warmth, "they are my brothers. Think you there are no means but those which are employed to make them serve in the sugar-mill?"

"I fear, none. Dessalines punishes cruelly, and yet they love him."

(To be Continued.)

From the Journal of Commerce.

RELAXATION OF LAW.

Every attentive observer of human affairs has noticed that law is being very rapidly withdrawn from well-instructed society. Once, law was extended to all human conduct, and in the most severe forms. Religion, trade, literature, pecuniary contracts, everything, in fact, was regulated by law, sanctioned by bloody penalties. Every man was compelled to adopt the religion of the State, or lose reputation, property, and often life. Literature of every kind could make no movement but with consent of censors—and if a man did not pay a debt, he was sold into slavery, and perhaps his wife and children also. For two or three centuries, the mind of civilized nations has been occupied with questions of repeal, until now but a remnant of the old policy remains. Religious opinion has been freed from most of its shackles. Persecution is now chiefly confined to the ecclesiastical bodies, of which the State takes little or no cognizance, so that although the chief priests everywhere are engaged in anathematizing any one who differs from them, yet, as it is not lawful for them to put any man to death, and they can appeal to no civil government to inflict pains and penalties for them, the rage dies away, and the *citizen* is safe, though the *Christian* may be excommunicated. Trade has been made free by the two principal commercial nations of the world. Both slavery, and imprisonment are abolished, as the means of coercing the payment of debts—and literature, except in the countries where the Romish and Greek hierarchies still hold sway, is free. In our own happy country there is less law, and more good order, than anywhere else. Yet here there is still a great deal too much law, and the current of repeal is still wearing away one law after another, and carrying them down the stream. Many of the repeals are not seen, perhaps, to be parts of a general movement, but are intended to relieve the clamour of some particular class, and it is no uncommon thing for a class of persons to regard a law as oppressive, when its whole operation is in their favour. The laws which authorized the body of the debtor to be taken for debt, were probably made under the influence of creditors, and repealed under the influence of debtors; yet their only influence in the long run, was, to enable the debtor to get a credit when otherwise he could not have obtained it. The law of this State, which made rent a lien on the furniture of the tenant, was supposed to be favourable to landlords, and oppressive to tenants; whereas, the real operation was, to enable the owner of a little furniture to pledge it for his rent.—Now that the law is repealed, the furniture has lost its availableness for that purpose, and the owner cannot, perhaps, obtain a place to live in. The usury laws, which still remain, and are supposed to be so favourable to borrowers, have no other influence upon the price of money than to make it dearer, and often to prevent second-rate borrowers from being able to obtain it at all. One of the most common shapes which the repeal of laws for the collection of debts takes, is the exemption of certain amounts, or kinds of property, from liability for debts. A mechanic's tools are exempted; a certain quantity of furniture; or, as lately, in Connecticut, a house and land within a certain value. In regard to persons whose whole property consists in articles exempted, there is, therefore, *no law* for the collection of debts. Though the repeals alluded to have been brought about under mistaken notions, we think they have improved the state of society. The credit which a man could once obtain upon the pledge of his body, after everything else was gone, was generally used in the purchase of intoxicating drinks, or other useless articles, and certainly the power of a man to mortgage the bodies of his wife and children, could only exist where personal rights were unknown. It is better, generally, when a mechanic has nothing but his tools, or a farmer nothing but his house and garden, that he should cease to have a credit, and so be unable to contract debts. The time has come for such a man to live within his income. The shop-keepers have no reason to care about the shape of the law, for if they do not see reason for credit, they will keep their property. The various ways in which the laws for the collection of debts have been restricted in their operation, and the prospect of still increased legislation in the same way, may well make us think we see in prophetic distance, the time when all laws for the collection of debts will be repealed. Then the basis of credit will be property and character—chiefly the latter? Are not these the only true grounds of credit? Ought a man who has not enough of these, or either of them, to obtain property on trust, to be able to get it except by paying on the spot? It is easy to see that the more benefits come along with good character, the more men will strive to possess it. So, as we substitute character for law as the basis of credit, the cultivation of character will be stimulated. On the whole, these constant repeals need not alarm property-holders, if only they will take care to keep up the public morality.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

LAMENNAIS AND SOCIALISM.—The socialists of France have been anxious to connect the name of the great popular writer, M. Lamennais, with their agitations. One of the liberal party addressed a letter to him on this subject. In his reply, M. Lamennais says of the socialist systems—

"I can only see in the doctrines which have been hitherto brought forward a symptom of the profound want which society experiences of a better application of justice to the retribution of labour, in order to improve the condition, now every where so deplorable, of the labouring classes. On that side attempts made to attain that object can only be applauded. But that, in my opinion, is far from being the case with the means proposed by the different schools. I do not know a single one which does or can di-

rectly does not arrive at this conclusion, that personal appropriation is the cause of the evil which is sought to be remedied; that, in consequence, property ought to cease to be individual—that it ought to be concentrated exclusively in the hands of the State, which, the only possessor of the instruments of labour, should organize labour itself by attributing to each the special function, and rigorously obligatory for him, to which he has been judged fit, and should distribute according to certain rules, on which, however, opinions differ, the fruit of the common labour. It is evident to me that the realization of such a system would conduct nations to a servitude such as the world never saw; it would reduce a man to be nothing but a mere machine, and would debase him below the negro, of which the planter disposes according to his fancy—below, in fact, the animal kingdom. I do not believe that ever ideas more disastrously false, more extravagant, and more degrading, entered into the human mind; and even did they not merit these qualifications, which, in my eyes, at least, are only just, none could be more radically impracticable. Fourierism, and some sects originating with the St. Simonian school, not less absurd in my opinion in their practical principles, are besides characterized by a negation more or less absolute of all morality. I have nothing to say about them, the public feeling has already judged them. You asked me for my opinion, and here you have it."

RELIGIOUS CASTES.—In religious matters, there is always a disposition to regard men as belonging to different castes. Official distinctions confine within carefully-defined boundaries, the abilities and efforts which certain individuals may rightfully put forth. A man had better do nothing than do anything out of his own sphere. Acts are considered valid only as they proceed from the proper quarter. The agency for good does not belong to the individual, but to his "order." Now, we venture to say, that opinions such as these find no confirmation in the New Testament history. The Christian enlightenment of men, in those days, was not parcelled out like, the manufacturing operations of our own age, into a variety of distinct processes. The nice division of spiritual labour was then unknown. No kind of doing good was held by a patent of monopoly. The right to do anything was the ability of doing it. There was no exclusiveness in any department of service. The labourers did not esteem it as an infringement upon their dignity, if others rendered assistance in their work.—*The Pulpit and the People, by P. Rylands.*

AMATEUR THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.—MR. LEIGH HUNT.—The arrangements for the amateur performance for the benefit of Mr. Leigh Hunt have been finally completed, and on Monday, July 26th, our Theatre Royal is to be honoured by the presence of Charles Dickens, George Cruikshank, Douglas Jerrold, and the other freinds who are combining with them in their generous and grateful enterprise.—*Manchester Examiner.*

INTELLECTUAL MOVEMENT UNWELCOME TO THE CHURCH.—The two parties of the Christian world have each their own standard of truth by which they try all things; Scripture on the one hand, the voice of the Church on the other. To both, therefore, the pure intellectual movement is not only unwelcome, but they dislike it. It will question what they will not allow to be questioned; it may arrive at conclusions which they would regard as impious; and, therefore, in an age of religious movement particularly, the spirit of intellectual movement will find itself proscribed rather than countenanced. — *Dr. Arnold.*

THE PUZZLED MEMBER.—Oh, I wish I knew what the law was on any subject whatever! I make it, but when I've made it, I can't tell *what* I've made; no, never! Every law passed *one* session, the *next* is sure to be amended; and what that *first* amendment does, is not easly comprehended. But that's a trifle; for then there comes the amendment of the amendment; and by that time, I've clean forgotten the original law's intendent. And then, to make darkness visible, there's the clause of interpretation, subverting what used to be grammar, when I had my education; knocking masculine into feminine in the most irregular fashion; confounding plural and singular without the least compassion; cramming privilege over the fences of Priscian, hurry-scurry; and using the Speaker's mace to brain poor Lindley Murray.

And now there's a new invention, worse than all the rest put together—(I declare it's a sin and shame to bring that *out* this hot weather)—for since they've used those infernal Acts of "Consolidation Clauses," I defy any county member to say what any part of the law is. For every Bill that's brought forward we find, to our consternation, don't stand by itself, but is tacked on to some lumping "Consolidation." And while before us, in the House, we've the body of the measure, the head and tail have already been stamped with the royal assent and pleasure. And we havn't the slightest notion of what it is we're doing; we *may* be hatching Ch